National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

LETTER FROM REV. EDWARD N. KIRK.

To the Editors of the Independent:

GENTLEMEN: I lose not a moment, after reading your appeal to me, in replying. You quote from my discourse on Prayer for Rulers this sentence: "By the Compromise we will stand; though we have sometimes questionings of conscience there." You inquire whether I have still such questionings as to the "righteousness of my position; whether I mean that I will abide by that Compromise, notwithstanding these doubts; whether I teach that a Christian may occupy a position about which, after years of questioning, his conscience is not satisfied; whether there is no way in which a Christian teacher can satisfy his conscience upon a question of personal duty." To these inquiries I will reply in order:

1. "Has he still such questionings?" I have. And from your appeal I am to infer that you have none about any subject, as you say you have none about the law of 1850. And is that really so, brethren, that you never have any questionings about duty; that your decisions on questions of duty are intuitive, and not the results of questionings? Does duty always appear to you like an infallible mandate of heaven? If so, you must only compassionate those who have to balance conflicing considerations, sometimes for "four years," before they can take a firm step, in the consciousness that they are doing right. From your remarks, I infer that you do not admit a distinction, which to me not only has existence, but is of vital importance—the distinction between doing and not doing. I had no questionings of conscience about that which I did. All was clear there. I only questioned about what I ought to do, and, as you will see, am still questioning.

2. "Does he mean that he will abide by that Compromise, notwithstanding the uneasiness of his conscience?" I do mean precisely that.

3. "Does he teach that a Christian may hold a position upon a moral question, with which his conscience is not satisfied?" I should reply to this in the same categorical affirmative, but that it is ambiguous, and also involves the question at issue between us, and needs to be stated more at length. A conscientious man may not do what his conscience forbids; nor even what is doubtful in the eye of conscience. But he may act on a question so far as he has light, and wait for more light before he takes a second step. To apply this principle to the case before us: when the Refugee-law of 1850 was enacted, I recognised it as a great and indispensable act of legislation, needed to meet an existing state of feeling in our country. Considered as a measure, and in its essential feature, I stood by it, just as I probably should have voted to unite the people of the original thirteen States in one nation; compromising with the slaveholders, while I protested against their Slavery-codes, as well as that of my own State, which then had one. In essence, the Refugee-law was a reaffirmation by the free States that they honestly and honourably held to the original compact. I should hold it dishonourable to use the power of the general government to extirpate Slavery, or interfere with it in the Southern States, much as I detest oppression in Europe or America; and the more for being in America. Considered then simply as a declaration (not that we will not use our share of power in the general government to interfere with Southern institutions), I have no questioning about the law of 1850. But there is a form as well as an essence; and it is about the form, or gratuitous appendages to the law, that I have questionings. It was passed in a storm of excited feeling; and therefore might or might not indicate, in its objectionable features, the will and purpose of the legislature; or rather the intention and purpose of the Slavery-power; or it might indicate simply inconsiderateness in regard to the means by which it proposed to accomplish its ends. One of those means was, to make every Northern citizen a slave-catcher. I had questionings whether gentlemen of the South meant that; whether they really believed we would ever do that loathsome work. But the questionings about personal duty were these: Can I honestly remain under a government, any one of whose laws I do not mean to obey? and I certainly do not mean to obey a law that makes me a slave-catcher. Can I satisfy myself by simply remonstrating from my pulpit? There is a time to be silent and a time to speak. Am I right in keeping silent? Shall I try to get the statute repealed? Under a despotic government the duty would be clear—to remain silent until compelled to do wrong, then disobey. But here I have a part in the government. Legislators represent me, my rights, and my opinions; and yet to revive the discussion of that bill may do more injury than good.

4. "Is there no way in which a good man can satisfy his conscience upon a question of personal duty?" That implies that the path of duty is never obscure, even to a sincere inquirer; which is not true, if personal duty includes all the possible good that every man may do in the world.

5. "Is it right for a Christian to act without the full sanction of his conscience, and even against its questionings?" No. You add from Paul, "He that doubteth is condemned if he eat." But what if he does not eat? What if the doubt is the very reason for his not eating; then is he condemned? What if his questionings pertained not to that which he did, but to what he ought to do; and whether he ought to act at all? You quote again: "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." But Paul was then condemning a man who did not "allow himself," or whose conscience did not approve of what he did.

I esteem that compromise as indispensable to our existence as a nation; and one I can rightly make, without in any way abetting slaveholding. As I remarked before, I have "questionings of conscience" as to what I ought to do, as a citizen, in regard to endeavouring to secure a modification of that statute, which shall no longer require Northern citizens, or officers of the federal government, to seize absconding negroes. Our courts may act in the case, in order to prevent kidnapping free coloured persons, under the pretence that they are owned in the Southern States.

But there is another feature of that compromise, about which I still have painful misgivings; and I could congratulate you that have none, were there not still two sides to the subject, and therefore questionings. The original compromise was unquestionably right. But the consent of our general government to the introduction of Slavery on territories yet belonging to no State; and the reception of new slave States—these legislative actions bring up the questions to each citizen: How far does that commit my influence to upholding and abetting Slavery? and what is the proper course for me to pursue, to discharge myself of all share in the evil of upholding the system? The organization of a Free Soil party is the relief some have accepted. To others it is not the panacea the case needs.

And now, perhaps, you have discovered that there is some progress in my case, as well as that of many others who have stood aloof from your movements in the Anti-Slavery reform. We pleaded for the compromise of 1850; but with "questionings of conscience." We oppose the Nebraska bill with no such scruples. The slaveholders, or the flatterers, have now unsealed our lips. We are now assured of the truth of your declaration, that the slave power would never rest until it had gained the entire ascendancy in this government. I do not accuse all the possessors of slaves of this ambition. But as reason says arbitrary power is insatiable, so observation now says: Slavery will be the medium of ambitious aspirings; and every compromise with it will be but a temporary lull in the storm. It is not proper that we who now oppose the Nebraska bill should concede that we ought to have stood more firmly against the compromise of 1850, on the precise ground on which we now oppose the Nebraska bill, with one exception. There was an occasion for legislation in regard to Slavery at that time. The present is a most gratuitous free-will offering, laid on the altar of despotic power; an offering procured by the breach of compacts, and a contemptuous disregard of that love of freedom which is the very genius of our institutions and our history, from the days of Laud and the Puritans.

Excuse my prolixity, and accept my acknowledgments of your courtesy in this matter.

Yours truly, EDW. N. KIRK.

Boston, Feb. 28, 1854.

ANTI-SLAVERY—MR. EMERSON.

THE concluding lecture of the Anti-Slavery course was delivered on Tuesday evening, by no less a person than Ralph Waldo Emerson. There was considerable curiosity to hear how this practised elaborator of exquisite sentences would set about composing such sentences as should fit the taste of the Tabernacle. We had certainly formed no high estimate of Mr. Emerson as a thinker, that is to say a coherent reasoner; yet we did expect that he would give us *either* fancy or logic, either poetry or vigour, either rhyme or reason. We declare that we were disappointed in this reasonable alternative anticipation. There was first a very elaborate description of Mr. Webster, who was, says Mr. Emerson, the soul of the Fugitive Slave Law; yet the lecturer classes him not among vulgar politicians, calls him a great man, tells us that in his clear statement of any case all lay in day-light, pictures his more than regal wrath at wrong and falsehood, "when his eyes were two lamps; and not the anger of the man burst forth, but the divine wrath of the cause." Yet when this high intellect and keen eye finds the Massachusetts abolition to be a prejudice, and bids Massachusetts conquer the same as it best can—Mr. Emerson and Massachusetts never dream of doubting their great gospel for one moment. All the great and wise are against us, admits the lecturer—nevertheless, *we* are indubitably and altogether right! Mr. Emerson, like all the rest, is indignant that slaveholding, which used to be humble, nay, "mendicant," has grown rampant and "aggressive." Like all the rest, he has faith in the progress of the species which will rid itself of the evil by a spasm, though nature's spasms indeed come so seldom as to tax one's faith. In short, he has got to say much the same that all the rest said. We went to hear something Emersonian, almost rising to be at times Carlylean; we heard a tame repetion of Parker and Phillips, nay, a dilution of Beecher and a *rechauffée* of Miss Lucy. In studying to be plain he became flat, and closed the course with so dull a performance that one is glad the lecture season is over.

Two things indeed the Lecturer forbore to do. He did not anathamatize the American Union; he did not abuse the unfortunate wight, John Mitchel. So much the worse: his lecture was the less *piquant*.

The course, however, is closed. Next winter is far off; and, though they threaten to make the thing a "peculiar institution" of New York, something may occur to save us. Nebraska will be out—Cuba, perhaps, will be in. We are not afraid.

It may be extremely presumptuous in us (a comparative stranger, a refugee, and so forth) to animadvert in this kind of style; but as all these lecturers have made capital of us, and have drawn down weekly rounds of groans at the name of John Mitchel, we feel that we have acquired a kind of right to say what we think of them and their discourses; and, as this is a free country, we shall next week take the freedom to review this entire course in as amiable a spirit as we can. We shall blow up the Tabernacle so gently, that the Tabernacle will almost think it a *puff*.—*Mitchel's Citizen.*

"D. B. J." rebukes us for having charged Mr. Haughton, of Dublin, with hard-heartedness and cruelty. He calls on us to retract what we stated about his having kept corn or flour in his store till it grew damaged, and so having lost it. Now, our Correspondent is requested to observe that we charged Mr. Haughton not with cruelty, but with political economy and misplaced philanthropy—two horrible atrocities, that slew more men, women and children in Ireland, these last six years, than any "cruelty," or hard-heartedness, any battle-carnage or cannibalism, could have done. Further, we took care to admit twice that he is an *amiable* man, which is much, considering that he is laden with the two dreadful sins aforesaid: so that it is evident we attribute no greedy malignity to the man—no more than we would attribute greedy malignity to a Bengal Tiger, who devastates a village merely in obedience to his instinct. Now, Mr. Haugton obeyed *his* instinct as a Political economist and Human Progress man. And this fatal instinct has desolated more villages in Ireland (for the sole profit of England) than all the Bengal tigers, Pyrenean wolves and Barbary pirates have done all the world over, since the beginning. That Mr. Haughton unfortunately lost some breadstuff by holding it too long is true enough: but this was no cruelty; it was a commercial misfortune; and we condole with him; and with the relatives of those who died of hunger for want of that breadstuff.—*Ibid.*

Selections.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S LECTURE.

[The following sketch of Mr. Emerson's Lecture, delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, March 7th, and which closed the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course for 1854, is compiled from the reports of the *Tribune* and *Herald*. It is not perfect, but it will serve to show the spirit and the substance of what the speaker uttered.—*Eds. Standard.*]

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I do not often speak to public questions. They are too often odious and hurtful; and it seems like meddling and a leaving of work peculiar to the scholar. I have many spirits imprisoned; spirits in deeper prisons, whom no man visits if I do not; and I see what havoc it makes with some minds, this dissipated philanthropy. The one thing not to be forgiven to intellectual persons is, not to know their own tasks, to take their ideas from others. From this want of manly rest in their own, and foolish acceptance of other people's watchwords, comes imbecility and fatigue; for they cannot form their thoughts from any original experience, and of course not with the natural force of their own minds, and their whole power and talent come only from their cramped position of standing in their teachers' shoes. They say what they would have you believe, but what they do not quite know.

My own habitual view is confined to the well-being of students and scholars; and it is only when a public event affects them that it seriously affects me. Every man speaks to a class, whom he works with and more or less fitly represents. It is to these that I am beforehand related and engaged. And yet, when I say the class of students and scholars, that is a class which in some sort comprises all mankind; comprises every man and the noblest hours of his life, and, in these days, not only virtually but actually. For who are the readers and thinkers of 1854? Owing to the silent revolution which the newspaper has wrought, this class has come, in this country, to take in all classes. Look into the morning train which, from every suburb, carries the workman to his toil and the business man to his counting-room in the city. With them enters the car the small newsboy, the humble priest of philosophy and religion, and unfolds his magical sheets. Two cents a head his bread of knowledge costs—and instantly the entire rectangular assembly, fresh from their breakfast, are bending, as one man, for their second breakfast. There is no doubt chaff enough caught and packed in these sheets of lore, but there is fact and wisdom also for all.

Now, gentlemen, I have lived all my life without suffering any known inconvenience from American Slavery. I never saw it, except a glimpse of it I caught, in my youth, in Florida and Carolina, but to little purpose then. I never heard the whip, and never felt the check upon my free speech and action until four years ago, when Mr. Webster, by his personal influence, brought the Fugitive Slave law on this country. I say Mr. Webster, though the bill was not his, yet it is notorious that he was the life and soul of it. He gave it all the aid he could, and it cost him his life at last; and under the shadow of his great name all inferior men sheltered themselves. I say inferior men—they are of all sorts; accomplished men, men of eloquent speech—from the President of the United States down to all men without self-respect and without character; and it was strange to see age, and refinement, and wealth, and talent, and even repute for honesty, count for nothing with them. They had no memory for what they had been saying, like the Lord's Prayer, all their life. They only looked for what the great captain did; and if he stood on his head, they did. In ordinary, the supposed sense of their District or State is their practical guide in this country, and it keeps men inclined to liberty and justice; but it is always a little difficult to decipher what this sense is; and when a great man comes, it is so much easier to follow him as an exponent of this supposed sense. Besides, he is responsible, and they will not be. It will always suffice to say, "I will follow him."

Gentlemen, I say, then, plainly, that the great show their legitimate power in nothing more than in their power to misguide us. That great man, deservedly esteemed and admired for his powers, and their general right direction, was able, through the fault of the total want of stamina in the public, to carry all men with him, to carry parties with him. That crisis showed much. It ended a great deal of nonsense we had been accustomed to hear repeated on the 22d of February, the 19th of April, the 17th of June and the 4th of July. It showed what reputations are made of, what straws we dignify by office and title, and how competent they are to give counsel and help in the day of trial. It showed the shallowness of leaders, showed the divergence of parties from their alleged ground, and that men would not stick to what they had said, and that resolutions of public bodies, and resolutions never so often put upon record by public men, will not bind. The fact comes plainly out that men are not so bound to the right, and that you cannot rest on any man for the defence of the truth, unless he is by proclivity of constitution, blood and temperament, on that side.

Now, gentlemen, in what I have to say of that eminent man, be very sure I do not confound him with vulgar politicians of his own time or since. There is always base ambition enough and men enough to calculate upon the immense ignorance of the masses. That is their quarry and farm. They use the constituencies at home only for their own shoes; and, of course, such men can drive out from the contest any honourable man. The low can best win the low, and all men like to be made much of. There are men, too, who have power and inspiration only to do ill. Their talent, or their faculty, deserts them when they undertake to do anything right. Not such a man was Mr. Webster. He had a natural ascendancy of aspect and carriage which distinguished him over his contemporaries. His countenance, his figure, his manners were all in so grand a style that he was, without effort, as superior to his most eminent rivals as they were to the humblest; so that his arrival in any place in this country drew crowds of people who went to satisfy their eyes, who could not see him enough. I think they looked at him as the representative of the American continent—he was there in his Adamitic capacity. He did not disappoint the eye nor ear. He was a fit figure in the landscape. I remember his appearance at Bunker Hill. There was the monument and here was Webster. He knew well that a little more or less of rhetoric signified nothing. He was only to say grand things if he had them; if not, then to abstain from saying unfit things. It was a place for behaviour much more than speech, and Webster walked through his part with entire success. The perfection of his elocution and all that thereto belongs—accent, attitude, manner—we shall not soon find again. Then he was so thoroughly simple and wise in his rhetoric. He saw through his matter, hugged his fact close; though he knew how to make such exordiums and perorations as would afford perspective and not embarrass his march or confound his transitions. We saw them in order as they were. Though he knew very well, on occasion, how to present his own personal claims, yet in his argument he was intellectual and kept his fact bare of personality; so that his splendid wrath, when his eyes became lamps, was the wrath of the cause he stood for. His power was that of the old Greek masters. It was not in excellent parts, but was total. He had a great and everywhere equal propriety. He worked with that closeness of adhesion to the matter in hand which a joiner uses, and had the same quiet fitness of place that an oak or a mountain might have. After all, there remained that perfect propriety, so that his beauties of detail were endless. He seemed born for the bar and the Senate. He took naturally a very large part in private and public affairs; for his head distributed things in their right places, and what he saw so well he compelled other people to see also. Ah, great is the privilege of eloquence! What gratitude does every human being feel to him who speaks well for the right, who translates truth into language entirely plain and clear!

The history of this country has unfortunately given a disastrous importance to the defects of this great man's mind. Whether through evil influences and the corruption of politics, or whether through original infirmity, it was the misfortune of this country that, with his large understanding, he had not what is better than intellect and the essential source of its health. It is the office of the moral nature to give sanity and right direction to the mind—to give centrality and unity. It was for this reason, it was for his defect in moral perceptions, for the inequality of his moral to his intellectual faculty—I may say here, as I have said elsewhere, that hence came the sterility of thought, the want of generalization in his speeches; and it is a curious fact, that though he wrote and spoke with an ability that impresses the world, there is not a single remarkable sentence, not a single valuable aphorism, which can pass into literature from his writings. Four years ago to-night, at one of those critical moments in history when great questions are to be determined, when the powers of Right and Wrong are to be mustered in conflict, and it lies with one man to give a casting vote, Mr. Webster most unexpectedly threw his whole weight on the side of Slavery, and effected, through his personal and official authority, the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill. It is remarked of the Americans that they value dexterity too much and honour too little. Now the defect and calamity of this country is the defect and calamity of Mr. Webster; namely, the appeal to physical and mental ability when his character was assailed. His speech on the 7th of March and the following speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany and Boston are cited in justification of his course; and Mr. Webster's literary editor believes that it was his own wish to rest his fame on the speech of the 7th of March. Now, although I have my own opinions on this speech and the others, and think them very transparent and very open to criticism, yet I have to say that the secondary merits of a speech are not here in question. Nobody doubts that Daniel Webster could make a good speech. Nobody doubts that there are many good and plausible things to be said on the part of the South. This was not a question of ingenuity, nor of syllogism, but of sides. *How came he there?* (Applause.) There are always texts, and thoughts, and arguments; but it is the genius and temper of the man which decides the question whether he will stand for the wrong or for the right. Who doubts the power of any clever and fluent lawyer to defend any of the political parties, or either side of a suit in the courts? There was the same statute in England, and the same common law for Jeffreys and York to read Slavery out of, and for Lord Mansfield to read Freedom; and in this country we now see that there is margin enough for a liberal and upright Judge to read law and constitution one way, and a servile Judge another. But the question which history will ask in the final hour is prior to that, namely: In the conflict of forces, when he was forced by the peremptory necessity of closing armies to take sides, did he take the side of great principles, of humanity, of justice, or the side of abuse, oppression, and chaos? Webster decided for Slavery; and that, too, when the aspect of the institution was no longer doubtful, no longer feeble, and apologetic, and proposing soon to end itself; but when it was strong, and aggressive, and threatening an illimitable increase. Then he listened to State reasons and hopes, and left, as we are told with much complacency, to the astonished State of Massachusetts the testament of his speech of the Seventh of March, with its motto, "*Vera pro gratis*"—True things instead of pleasant ones—a motto which is praised and congratulated as the most felicitous of all. I confess it seems to me a ghastly result of all his years of experience in affairs—this, that there was nothing better for the foremost man in America, the most American man, to tell his countrymen than that Slavery was now at that strength that they must beat down their consciences and become kidnappers for it (applause). It was like the doleful speech of Brutus: "Virtue, I have followed thee through life; but now I find thee a shadow!"

It is a question of moral law; it is a question of ages, and settled always in the same way by our great jurists; namely, that an immoral law cannot be valid. Coke, Vattel, Jefferson do all affirm this, and I cite these names not that they can add authority to what is so plain, but because, though lawyers and statesmen, they could not hide from themselves this simple truth. Here was the question—"Are you for man, for the good of man, or are you for his hurt and harm?" It was a question whether man should be treated as leather, whether the race of negroes should be as the Indians were in Spanish America—a species of money. Whether this institution, which is a kind of mill or factory for converting men into monkeys, should be upheld and enlarged; and Mr. Webster and the country went for the quadruped law.

There are no limits to the mischief of that extraordinary day. People were all expecting from Webster a totally different course. If any man had, in that hour, possessed the weight with the country which he had acquired, he would have brought the whole country to its senses. But not a moment's pause was allowed. The decision of Mr. Webster was founded on everything offensive to freedom and good morals. There was something like a deliberate attempt to debauch the moral sentiment of the clergy and the youth (applause). Burke said, on an occasion you will all remember, that "he would pardon something to the spirit of liberty," but now the first hint of opposition was sharply called treason by Mr. Webster and prosecuted so. He told the people of Boston that "they must conquer their prejudices"—that agitation of the subject of Slavery must be suppressed. He did, as immoral men usually do, make very low bows to the Christian Church, and went through all the Sunday decorums; but when allusion was made to ethics and the sanctions of morality, he very frankly expressed his disbelief of the binding force of any higher law; and if the reporters say the truth, this wretched atheism found some laughter and applause in the company.

I said I had never, in my life, suffered before from the slave institution. It was like Slavery in Africa, or in Japan, for me. There was a Fugitive Law, but it had become, or was fast becoming a dead letter, and by the genius and laws of Massachusetts inoperative. But a new bill was passed, which made it operative, and required me to hunt slaves, and it found citizens in Massachusetts willing to act as judges and captors. The fact was now disclosed that Slavery was no longer mendicant, but was become aggressive and dangerous. The way in which the country was dragged in to consent to this bill under the miserable cry of "Union," from colleges, from educated men, nay, from some preachers of religion, showed that we were all materialized, and could not be shocked by a crime. It showed that the sense of religion and the sense of right had ceased to exist in their old purity—that while we recognised ourselves as a highly cultivated nation, our bellies had run away with our consciences and our hearts. I suppose that liberty is an accurate index in nations as well as individuals of their progress. It always appeals to the most refined communities—for it is a right which rests on the finest sense of justice, and with every degree of improvement it will be truly felt and accurately defined. A barbarous tribe will, by means of its best heads, secure substantial liberty; but where there is a natural weakness and impotency, as in the black race, they will more readily be oppressed by the strong and unprincipled. Wrong will be the most incompatible with, and offensive to, those who are the most cultivated and refined; for is it not the very nature of politeness, of love, of religion, to prefer another to one's self, to protect another? This is the instinct of the gentleman, to defend the weak and to redress the injured, as it is of the savage and brute to usurp power over, and to use, others. It is an old story a thousand times told. We had clung fast to our laws and books, and usages, while the life that was in them had glided away. I went, I remember, to certain serious men among our conservative ranks—to certain serious men who had a little more sense than the rest—and inquired why they took such a part as they did with reference to this bill and Slavery. They told me they had no confidence in their strength to resist the Democratic party in this country. They saw that all was going to the utmost verge of license. Each was vying with his neighbour to lead the party by proposing the worst measure, and they expected only to serve as a drag on the wheel—to take such a position as would serve only to moderate the velocity with which the car was running down the precipice. They sided with Carolina or Arkansas only to make a show of Whig strength wherewith to resist a little longer the general ruin. Their theory was despair. Gentlemen, I have respect for conservatism; I know how deeply it is founded in our natures, and how idle are all our attempts to shake ourselves free from it. We are all conservative—all half Whig and half Democratic in our essences, and might as well try to jump off from our planet, or jump out of our skins, as to try to escape our Democracy or Whiggery. There are two forces in nature by whose antagonism we exist—fate or fortune, or the order of things; and will or duty, on the other hand; "may" and "must." The sense of right and duty, on the one hand, and the material necessities on the other—"may" and "must." In our politics the Whig goes for what has been—for the old necessities, the "must;" the Democrat, the Reformer, goes for the better—for the ideal good—for the "mays." I think, too, the "musts" are a safe company to appeal to, and agreeable; but if we are Whigs, let us be Whigs of nature and science; and let us go for the necessities. Let us know, that over and above all the *musts* of poverty and appetite, the instinct of man is to rise—to help his brother.

Gentlemen, I think that in this we can gain instruction from the simplest lessons. Events roll; millions of men are engaged, and the result is always some of those first commandments which we heard in the nursery. We have never got beyond our first lesson. The events of this very month are teaching one thing plain and clear, that papers are of no use, resolutions of public meetings, platforms of conventions, laws, constitutions, are of no more use. These are declaratory of the will of the moment, and are passed with more levity and on grounds much less honourable that ordinary business transactions in the street. You relied on the Constitution. It has not the word slave in it; and very good arguments have shown that it does not warrant the crimes done under it; but notwithstanding the plainness of its declarations, the robbing of a man and all his posterity forevermore are effected. You relied upon the Supreme Court. The law was right—an excellent law for the lambs; but what if unhappily the judges were chosen from the wolves and give to all the law a slavish interpretation (applause and laughter). You relied upon the Missouri Compromise—that is ridden over. You relied upon State sovereignty to protect their citizens; but they are driven with contempt out of the courts and territories of the slave States. And now you relied on those dismal guarantees infamously made in 1850; and before the body of Webster is yet crumbled, they have crumbled—the eternal monument of his fame—and the common Union is gone! There are no guarantees to the free States, but only to the slave States; as they have met with no repulse hitherto they shall meet with none hereafter. I fear there is no reliance to be placed on any form of covenant—no reliance even to be placed on churches, on Bibles; for one would have said that Christians would not keep slaves, but Christians do have slaves! But if they hold slaves, they will not read the Bible! But they do take the Bible to maintain Slavery! If Slavery is good, then is arson, theft and murder, and all to be maintained by the Union Societies (applause). These things show that no forms, neither constitutions nor laws, nor covenants, are of any use of themselves. The devil nestles comfortably into them all (applause). The only hope is in the life itself of a man. Laws are of no use without loyal citizens to obey them. To interpret Christ, it needs Christ in the heart (applause). The events that are now occurring are bringing it home to every man, that in himself are the only bulwarks against Slavery. To make good the cause of freedom, you must draw off from these foolish trusts on others. You must be citadels and warriors yourselves—declarations of independence yourselves—the charter, the battle, the victory (applause). Oliver Cromwell said, "We can only resist the superior training of the King's soldiers by having godly men in the Parliamentary army;" and no man has a right to hope that the laws of New York will defend him from the dominations of Slavery another day, until he has made up his mind that he will not owe his protection to the laws of New York, but to his own sense and spirit. Then he protects New York. He only who is able to stand alone is qualified for society.

Understand, that for which a soul exists in this world is to become a counter-balance of all wrong and the champion of right. Whenever a man has come to this mind, that there is no church for him but his simple morning prayer, no constitution but his talent of dealing well and justly, no liberty but his invincible will to do right, then aids and allies will promptly appear, for the eternal constitution of the universe is on his side. It is of no use to vote down gravitation or morals (applause). Whatever is useful will last, while that which is hurtful to the world will sink beneath all the vast forces which it must exasperate. The end for which man was made is not stealing, or crime in any form; and a man cannot steal without incurring all the penalties of the thief, however much it may be voted virtuous, and however men may conspire to hold him up. A man who commits crime defeats the end of his existence. He was created for benefit and exists for harm; and as well-doing makes power and wisdom, ill-doing takes them away. I suppose that it is perceived on all sides that oppression cuts clean out the moral insight; and though the intellect goes on simulating the moral as before, its sanity is invaded and destroyed. It takes away the moral instinct of right. I suppose that it is allowed that if you had a nice question of right and morality, you would not go to Louis Napoleon to have it decided, or to a slave-driver, because the habit of these men's minds is not supposed to be favourable to nice moral perception. The plea that a negro is of an inferior race sounds very oddly in my ear from a slaveholder. It has been said by an eminent historian that the masters of slaves seem generally anxious to prove that they are not of a race superior in any noble quality to the meanest of their bondmen.

Gentlemen! this inherent force, moral force, in things, in the constitution of the world, has been felt and taught by the wise in all nations of the world. This was the meaning and soul of the Greek tragedy, this was the doctrine of their religion. "There has come this day one to whom "lurking warfare is dear retribution, with a soul "full of wiles, a violator of hospitality, guileful "without the guilt of guile. For this day for evil "words shall evil words be said; for murder stroke "shall murder stroke be paid: who smites, must "smart." Nature is not so helpless but that it can rid itself at last of every crime. These are not the times for faint hearts, for they offer no opportunity for imitation. The sympathies of men are slow and inert. The Anglo Saxon race is proud and strong, but selfish. They believe only in Anglo Saxons—are pre-occupied in their interests, they are deaf to principle. So was Greece, and Poland, and Italy, and Hungary: and England goes for trade—not for liberty; goes against Greece, against Hungary, against Schleswig-Holstein. The like error exists here throughout the active classes on the subject of domestic Slavery. But it is the stern edict of progress that liberty shall be no hasty fruit, but that event on event, age on age, shall cast itself into the opposite scale, and not until liberty has accumulated weight enough to preponderate against these, shall the counterpoise come. All the statesmen are sure to be banded against liberty. They are sure to be found defending liberty with their words, but crushing it with their votes. Liberty is not cheap. It is the result of the perfectness of man. Mountains of difficulty must be surmounted, wiles of seduction must be met, dangers encountered; man must be healed by a quarantine of calamities, before he dare say "I am free." The inconsistency of Slavery with the principles upon which the world is built, guarantees its downfall. But we own that the patience it requires to wait is almost too sublime for mortals; and when one sees how fast the rot spreads, I think we may demand of the superior men of the country, that they shall be superior in this, that the mind and virtue of the country shall give their verdict in their day and help to pull the nuisance down. Possession is sure to throw its stupid strength for existing power and appetite, and ambition will go for that. Let the aids of virtue and intelligence be cast where they rightfully belong. They are organically ours. The English Earl Gray said on a memorable occasion that "he should stand "by his order;" and I wish to see the instructed or illuminated class know their own flag and not stand for the kingdom of darkness. We should not forgive the clergy of a country for taking on every issue the immoral side; nor should we justify a Governor in doing as the Governor of Pennsylvania did—in sustaining a mob against the laws. It is an immense support for a brave man, when discountenanced and outvoted by the corrupt, that better men in other parts of the country will defend him, rightly report him to his own age and to coming times; and without this he will far sooner sink and decline the controversy in which he gains nothing but vituperation and misrepresentation. Yet the lovers of liberty may tax with coldness the scholars and literary classes. They are all lovers of liberty in Greece and other European countries. But the Universities are not now imbued with the spirit of rebellion, but have become the seats of conservatism. They grow wordly and political. I remember on one of those occasions when a University had one of her distinguished sons from the political arena to address her. I listened to the speech of this orator—this eminent political man. If sometimes audiences forget themselves, statesmen do not. The low bows to all the crockery gods of the day were duly made (laughter and applause), only that in one part of the discourse the orator allowed to transpire, against his will, I think, a little sober sense. I will not say he said it, but this was what I heard in my ear: "I am, you see, a man virtuously inclined, but "only corrupt by my profession of politics, I pre-"fer to be upon the right side. You had the power "to make your verdict clear and prevailing (in "favour of right), and had you done so, you would "have found me your willing champion. But you "have not done so; you have not armed me. I "have to deal with men, and things as they are. "Abstractions are not for me. I go for such parties "as they have provided me with. Although I am "now to tempt you, you see it is not my will, but my "necessities, which makes me do so." Having made this declaration, he proceeded with the work of denouncing freedom. He denounced every name and aspect under which liberty and progress dare show themselves in this age and country, but with a lingering conscience which qualified each sentence with a recommendation to mercy. But now, gentlemen, I put it to every noble and generous spirit in the land—to every poetic, to every heroic, to every religious heart—that not so are our learning, our education, our poetry, our worship to be declared; not by heads reverted to the dying Demosthenes, nor to Luther, nor to Wallace, nor to George Fox, nor to George Washington, but to the dangers and the dragons that beset the United States at this hour. Gentlemen, it is not possible to extricate oneself from the questions in which our age is involved. I hate that we should be content with standing on the defensive. Liberty is the crusade of all brave and conscientious men—the epic poetry, the new religion, the chivalry of all gentlemen. Now, at last, we are disenchanted, and shall have no more false hopes. I respect the Anti-Slavery Society. It is the Cassandra that has foretold all that has befallen; fact after fact, years ago; foretold it all, and no man laid it to heart. It seemed, as the Turks say, "Fate makes that a man "should not believe his own eyes." But the Fugitive Law did much to unglue the eyes of men (laughter and applause), and now the Nebraska bill leaves us staring (great applause and laughter). The Anti-Slavery Society will add many members this year. The Whig party will join it (applause); the Democrats will join it (applause); the population of the Free States will join it (applause); I doubt not, at last, the Slave States will join it (tremendous applause). But, be that sooner or later (when it pleases God), and whoever comes or stays away, I hope we have come to the end of our unbelief—have come to the belief that there is a Divine Providence in the world which will not save us but through our own co-operation (tremendous and renewed applause).

THE CLERGY AGAINST THE NEBRASKA BILL.

THE Clergy of New York and its vicinity have at last spoken out against the Nebraska iniquity. A petition, as follows, circulated during a few days, has been signed by 151 names of the various denominations of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch, Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran and Unitarian clergymen, embracing the most conservative and moderate of the clergy, and united with common consent against the half-finished crime at Washington. These signatures represent many thousands of men and women, likewise the most conservative and moderate classes of our community:

MEMORIAL.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled.

The undersigned, clergymen of various denominations in the City of New York and vicinity, desire respectfully and earnestly to remonstrate against the bill for the organization of new territories, now before Congress, allowing the introduction of Slavery into a region consecrated to freedom by the plighted faith of the nation, in long standing and "irrepealable" enactments, and by the divine and natural claims of religion and of liberty.

We remonstrate on the ground that the parties whose rights and interests are, and are to be, affected cannot be restored to the position of equality occupied by them, respectively, before the enactments solemnly established in 1820. The security for freedom then given to the one party cannot be taken away without the grossest violation of justice, good faith and law.

We remonstrate, because the deliberate and unnecessary extension of the evils of Slavery would be positive guilt, and, as committed by Congress, the guilt of the whole country, and not of any particular State alone; and we feel bound to protest, in the name of religion and humanity, against such legislation.

The responsibility of determining the prevailing institutions of future generations of many millions of immortal beings is inconceivably great and solemn. We remonstrate against preparing the way, or providing the means, of establishing Slavery as a part of the radical and organic life of a vast future empire in our land.

We remonstrate against such a procedure, as tending to produce alienation of feeling between different sections of our beloved country, great agitation and perilous dissension, and exposing us to the righteous judgment of Almighty God.

Jon. M. Wainwright,	David B. Coe,
Stephen H. Tyng,	Isaac Lewis,
G. T. Bedell,	John Marsh,
Henry Anthon,	Thomas Armitage,
E. Y. Higbee,	Benjamin Evans,
Thomas Dewitt,	John N. Lewis,
Thomas H. Skinner,	Benjamin N. Martin,
Edward Robinson,	N. I. Marselus,
Thomas E. Vermilye,	H. Mattison,
William Adams,	Charles Gorse,
William R. Williams,	Edward Harris,
Isaac Ferris,	Charles Isham,
John M. Krebs,	Joseph Henson,
Ronaod S. Spencer,	Thomas H. Skinner, Jr.,
Asa D. Smith,	W. R. Gordon,
M. S. Hutton,	J. Parsons Hovey,
George B. Cheever,	George Thacher,
George Potts,	T. Ralston Smith,
George L. Prentiss,	E. H. Gillett,
N. Bangs,	Drick C. Lansing,
B. T. Welch,	Joseph P. Thompson,
R. S. Storrs, Jr.,	Thomas K. Beecher,
Joel Parker,	Timothy Atkinson,
Milton Badger,	Charles B. Ray,
Joseph H. Price,	C. De Witt Tappan,
S. T. Spear,	J. Kennadey,
R. Baird,	Samuel A. Seaman,
Henry B. Smith,	A. Elmendoff,
A. E. Campbell,	J. B. Cocagne,
John J. Owen,	H. Husted,
Edwin F. Hatfield,	Thomas C. Strong,
William Patton,	John C. Guldin,
S. D. Burchard,	John P. Hermance,
S. Cooke,	Noah Coe,
Theo. L. Cuyler,	William H. Johnson,
Samuel Osgood,	E. Carpenter,
J. W. McLane,	Sidney A. Corey,
Henry W. Bellows,	O. Eastmon,
Elbert S. Porter,	R. S. Crampton,
E. R. Fairchild,	H. J. Eddy,
M. W. Dwight,	A. Augustus Wood,
E. L. Magoon,	Lot Jones,
Edward Lathrop,	Franklin S. Howe,
D. Parker Noyes,	J. D. Wells,
John Spaulding,	N. C. Chapin,
J. W. Taggart,	L. Covell,
G. H. Mandeville,	Nathan N. Whitting,
Charles G. Sommers,	James Harper,
George W. Wood,	J. E. Rockwell,
W. H. Bidwell,	William W. Holloway,
John S. Himrod,	D. C. Van Norman,
J. S. Lord,	George De F. Folsom,
William Bradford,	Ira R. Steward,
Z. Phillips,	John S. Inskip,
B. W. Dwight,	Joseph B. Wakeley,
J. B. Hagany,	R. B. Campfield, Jr.,
Thomas Car

so; the Roman gentlemen did so, and the gentleman of mediæval Europe did so; all blessed with letters and arts; with the poetry of Homer, the statuary of Phidias, the Mathematics of Euclid, the architecture of Emmanuel Steinbach. It is not mere culture which elevates man. There is something higher than that. It is a sentiment of justice, of the value of the golden rule, of the brotherhood of humanity.

Of the kind of incidents which startle the mind with a fresh sense of the enormity of Slavery, take the following handbill, of a kind which we suppose to be no rarity, at least in the more Southern Slave States. It has been forwarded to us by a correspondent, and is strictly authentic:

"NEGRO DOGS.

"The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken charge of Ruff Perry's celebrated PACK OF NEGRO DOGS for the present year, and will give his undivided attention to the business of hunting and catching runaway negroes. Every call will be promptly attended to when I am not professionally engaged. Terms as follows:

"Hunting, per day. $6 00
"Catching runaways. 25 00

"INVARIABLY CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT.

"Persons under the necessity of calling on me will please give me a fair showing at the trail, as it will be greatly to their interest to do so. And persons at a distance will have their business promptly attended to by forwarding a letter through the Post Office.

"JOHN DEVREUX.

"MARSHALL (Texas), Feb. 11, 1854."

Our correspondent, who dates from another town in the same State, says:

"I send you herewith the *professional* card of one of our slave-catchers. I would remark, by way of information, that the dogs spoken of are unusually severe. Not long since I saw a slave pass through the streets of this place who had been captured by a pack belonging here, and his raiment and dusky hide was ruptured and rent to a degree."

Now it is in vain for Union-Saving Committees, dough-faced white mechanics and labourers, or any of the caitiff army at the North, to gloss over such facts as these. There stands the South—look at her! Virginia, the birth-place of Washington, sunk to the level of a mere negro-breeding territory, and those slaves the most valuable that have the largest mixture of the blood of the first families. Gentlemen of Virginia are now engaged in rearing mulattos to be sold and hunted by blood-hounds as above professionally advertised. A white ruffian buys slaves within a stone's throw of Mount Vernon or Monticello for a hundred dollars, and then further South hires them out or employs them, living on their labour, taking their earnings from them by force, like a cowardly footpad; disporting his aristocracy at the Springs in the summer; and rejoicing in some shabby title of major, colonel, or general—and this is American Democracy! This system which is only upheld by one hundred and fifteen thousand slave-owners—the odd eight hundred thousand, or one million of adult male whites in the South not owning slaves—must not only be accepted and approved by the mechanics and labourers of the North, but we must consent to and assist in its extension and perpetuation. It must be the shibboleth of all political enjoyment and aspiration; of present advantage and future glory.

We may boast of our liberty, but the echo comes wailing from the clank of slave-chains, the whistle of overseer-whips, the rustle of flaming negro-pyres, and the howling of the blood-hounds, hunting and catching men formed in God's image like ourselves. But this is not the worst. The dark and shameful system is to be spread over 300,000,000 acres of virgin soil. So our Democratic Administration, so Mr. Douglas, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Toombs, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Stephens will it. So the doughfaced aspirants for the Presidency—or for the lower rewards thrown them by the chief magistrate and the negro-driving majority of the Senate—will it. In view of facts like these, what scathing sarcasm in the lines of the National Anthem!

"Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause"—

when, seventy years alter "the peace your valour won," we return to the days of imperial Rome for models of cruelty, matching the crucifixions of gladiators, in order to keep in bondage as many human beings as "the three millions armed in the holy cause of liberty" during the revolution!

Northern freemen! shall the vast territory of the North-west, once solemnly consecrated to FREEDOM FOREVER, be converted into a new range for the blood-hounds of future monsters like this John Devreux? This is not a question with which you have no concern—it is emphatically *your* question. It is for you to answer it. Yes, or No!—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

THE TESTIMONY OF A MISSIONARY.

OUR COUNTRY'S SIN.—A Sermon, preached to the members and Families of the Nestorian Mission, at Oroomiah, Persia, July 3, 1853. By Rev. JUSTIN PERKINS, D. D., Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The Abolitionists have often had occasion to speak in terms of great severity of the men who dictate the policy and guide the operations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Their censures, however, imply no lack of sympathy with the ostensible object of that association, still less any want of appreciation of the spirit of Christian self-sacrifice which prompts men and women to leave their native land and to cast behind them the delights of an advanced civilization, in order that they may carry what they believe to be the lamp of eternal life to those who are living in the darkness of superstition and the bondage of ignorance and heathenism. That spirit, though sometimes misguided, is the source of a heroism in comparison with which all the achievements of a mere wordly ambition are utterly insignificant and worthless. It is because the great and powerful missionary association which the American Church has made its pet has been used by its supporters to buttress American Slavery, that the Abolitionists have cried out against it and sought to cripple its energies and destroy its influence. It has been the covert from which slaveholders and their apologists have hurled their deadly arrows at the friends of Liberty and a pure Christianity, a fortress whose frowning walls have afforded shelter for a giant wrong.

But while the American Board, as such, must be regarded as the exponent of a false religion, under which Slavery has "flourished like a green bay tree," we have ever believed that many of those whom it has sent to the lands we call heathen were noble men and women, inspired by a true Christian zeal, and devoted to the highest good of humanity. Especially have we believed this to be the character of those who commenced their missionary services before the apostacy of the Church on the question of American Slavery was made manifest by the light of the Anti-Slavery Movement. If the separation of such from the scenes and events of their native land, together with the absorbing duties of missionary life, has prevented them from taking part in the Anti-Slavery controversy, the same cause has also preserved them in a good degree from the contaminating influence of the pro-slavery spirit They are, we doubt not, still true to the sentiments of their youth, and, if they were to come back from their voluntary exile, we cannot doubt that they would rebuke the Church for her guilty connivance with oppression, with an earnestness that would speedily subject them to her bitterest denunciations.

The Sermon before us may serve at once as the proof and the illustration of this truth. Mr. Perkins, though faithful to his missionary duties, is not unmindful of the great struggle between Slavery and Freedom in the New World, nor blind to the obligation which rests upon him to plead the cause of the oppressed in his native land. Addressing the members and families of the mission, he justly and beautifully says: "I trust it will not be deemed inappropriate that we, in our distant missionary exile, direct a thought to that land far away, and that we drop a tear over its guilt and its danger." Again: "no American heart throbs more warmly and tenderly than the missionary's with the love of his native country. His honest language in regard to it habitually is, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.' The very ardour, sincerity, and depth of our love of country, however, should, and they doubtless do, lead us heartily to deplore its sins, as gratefully to glory in its superiority over all other lands."

Mr. Perkins maintains the following *theses*, viz: 1. American Slavery is the crowning abomination of the present age. 2. It is the greatest human obstacle to the spread and triumph of Christianity. 3. Northern influence—and primarily, the influence of Northern Christians—is the strongest and the most responsible support of American Slavery. 4. America is in most imminent peril, from the system of Slavery, of falling into deep national disgrace, of calling down upon itself signal judgments of Heaven, and thus of blighting, for a long period, the fairest and the highest hopes of a suffering world. In support of each of these propositions he writes with an earnest eloquence worthy of his theme. After speaking of the degrading influence of Slavery upon the bondman, the master and the people of the United States, he thus adverts to its effects in foreign lands:

"But the influence of American Slavery is not felt alone in our own country. It is a spectacle to the world—to angels and to men—and a most mortifying spectacle. That land, which, from its ennobling history and exalted privileges, should be the glory of all lands, emphatically, *Immanuel's land*, a mountain of holiness and a habitation of righteousness, whose light should blaze upward and onward unobstructed—a moral sun—melting the chains of oppression and despotism, and dispersing the darkness and death-shade of every false religious system the wide world around, really stands forth, presenting the puzzling—the appalling anomaly, of pure Protestant Christianity—republican freedom, unexampled general prosperity *and* iron servitude, combined more monstrously than the discordant sections of Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic image, confounding and astounding the gazing nations, who *would* look to America for a hope of deliverance! Have we not reason to fear, that our country thus does as much to hinder, as to advance, the progress of the Gospel beyond its own borders?

"Think too of the schisms and the alienations among Christians which American Slavery creates, in our own country and throughout Protestant Christendom. How much stronger is the bond of connection, which the supporters of that dark system find in it, with each other, both within and without the Church, than many professing Christians, in different sections of our country, and of different views on this subject, in the same sections, find practically in their relation to a common Saviour!

"And then, beyond the ocean, who of us can be ignorant of the fact, that both in England and in Germany and other Protestant States of the Continent, the best Christians find it difficult to extend to the American Churches the fight hand of fellowship, and to co-operate with them against a common enemy, feeling compelled, and not without some reason, to regard them as all involved, directly or indirectly, in the sin of Slavery!"

On the subject of Northern influence, and especially the influence of the Northern Church, in favour of Slavery, he speaks in terms almost identical with those which Abolitionists have often been constrained to employ:

"The Church is set as the light of the world, and if its light be darkness, how great is that darkness! Yet is it not the 'New York Observers,' and the 'solid men of Boston,' who are the first and most earnest to rally and apply a healing balm, whenever the monster, Slavery, receives a wound from some Heaven-directed arrow! The general apathy of the mass of Northern Christians, on the evils of Slavery, and the lively sympathy of too many with that system, are the darkest aspects of the evil at this hour—the most baffling and soporific to the Southern conscience, and thus the most discouraging in regard to its future removal or mitigation—the most dishonourable in the view of civilized nations—the most provoking in the sight of Heaven—and the most threatening to the prosperity, if not to the continuance, of our great American Republic. How many infidels and skeptics are made by these causes in our country; and how many scoffers and tyrants are thus armed and panoplied against freedom and Protestantism, throughout the world!

"Contemplate the position of such influential papers as the New York *Observer* and the *Journal of Commerce*—the former well styled, 'the leading religious journal in America,' at least retrospectively, and both in the hands of sons of sainted New England pastors! Look also at a truly venerable divine, in New York, a son of another sainted Puritan clergyman, putting forth such a sermon as the last in his series, entitled, '*First Things*,' and really, what is there to hope on this subject, from the mass of Christians and patriots in the Northern States?

"And, to come still nearer home (as most of us are from New England), look into a Sabbath Eulogy of the great Daniel Webster, from the pen of a very estimable clergyman of Boston, that Puritan city (in general, a very interesting and excellent sermon), and read the following period: 'Let the land have a Sabbath, with regard to this subject [Slavery]; and let that Sabbath be the long—long days of our mourning for this great patriot—our country's friend.'

"A *Sabbath*—a long, *long* Sabbath, on the subject of American Slavery! We give the estimable author full credit for his characteristic and amiable love of quiet. He is well known as eminently a peace maker. But why not also proclaim such a *Sabbath* on every other crying sin that flagrantly provokes God and destroys by wholesale the souls of men! And why shall not the silence be the more profound, and the longer, in proportion as the sin is the more glaring, the abomination the more appalling, if that sin involve great numbers and influence, that will not relinquish it short of a desperate struggle, and its removal be thus beset with great difficulties!

"Why, if the Puritan city, which is the seat of our friend's pastorate, were in danger of becoming a second Sodom, by the great multiplication of licensed or unlicensed brothels, would he proclaim a *Sabbath*—a long, *long* Sabbath, on the subject? Yet the fearful system of Slavery, which annuls the marriage relation, causes, among its other enormities, the whole South to teem with virtual and actual brothels, among its myriads of Negro cabins!

"A *Sabbath-silence*, on the crowning abomination of the age! How startling the idea! And yet, it is *the favourite idea* of the mass who are the repositories of the dominant influence in America. For many such personally, I cherish a most heart-felt respect, though compelled to dissent from them on this momentous question. Indeed, knowing not a few of them to be excellent Christians, among whom I number some very dear and estimable personal friends, I hardly need formally disclaim the least invidious reference, by any individual allusion I make here or elsewhere, in the discussion or illustration of a principle.

"In the face of such an array of influence—so strong numerically, and still stronger from the high respectability, and yet more, from the eminent religious worth it embraces, how difficult must it be to meet the odium cast upon the luckless head of the adventurous Abolitionist, whatever be his character or standing, who dares decidedly to raise his voice against the sin of Slavery! Such reckless ones are, in common parlance—yes in Presidential Inaugurals, and in many a sermon of revered and eloquent divines, branded as *fanatics, agitators*, etc., and doubtless regarded by some as *all but accursed*. In these circumstances, we marvel not that some Abolitionists have actually *run mad*, under the harrowing provocations of the dead apathy, or the wholesale abuse, which they have had to encounter. But, alas, to how many a temporiser and compromiser, might not a few of these stigmatised 'fanatics,' with the dauntless Paul, justly appeal: 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.'

"While Slavery is thus environed for defence as by a wall of granite—by pulpit, press, and legislative halls (with a few honourable exceptions), from the 'Christian Mirrors' of Maine, to the 'Christian Observers' of Mason and Dixon's line, where rests the responsibility of its continuance, and where is the hope of its removal?"

We have in the following passage a striking picture of the perilous condition of the American People:

"Contemplate the American people, amid their jubilant rejoicings of the morrow, like a mighty gallant ship, coursing proudly and thoughtlessly into the Niagara river, under pressed sail, disdaining every friendly hand or call from either shore, enveloped by the mists and miasms engendered by the stagnation and corruption which the dark system of Slavery creates and sends forth over the length and breadth of our fair inheritance, mists far more dense and bewildering than the lake fogs that follow the reckless mariner, or the spray that leaps and soars above the 'father of cataracts,' eager to embrace him: O contemplate that noble ship—its pilot mad—its crew and passengers stupified—and yet in their giddy hallucination, esteeming themselves, *the only sober ones*, while a gazing, wondering world are all *mistaken, wild, fanatical*—and thus self-complacently and even *angrily* resisting every remonstrance and entreaty—desperately nearing the fatal falls—blindly bent on *going down*—and we have but a faint emblem of the present attitude, the tendency and the threatening doom of our loved country, as contemplated by God and angels—yes, and by myriads of philanthropists in our own and in distant lands!"

Mr. Perkins vidicates the right, and urges the duty of the missionaries sent forth by the American Church to make their influence felt in behalf of the slave.

"But the question may naturally arise, what *practical* bearing has this subject, confessedly momentous, with us foreign missionaries? We all abhor the abomination of Slavery, but what can we do to hasten its downfall? I answer we can all do something, probably much; and for the proper use of that something or much, we are just as responsible as we are for the employment of our time or our tongues, in preaching the Gospel to the Nestorians, or for the faithful use of missionary funds, placed in our hands, for the promotion of the same object. We are in far better circumstances correctly to contemplate the evil, in all its magnitude and bearings, than our countrymen at home, the most favoured of whom—I mean those the furthest removed from its influence—are still at least in the *penumbra* of its broad and dense observation. As a class of men, missionaries also possess an influence, growing out of the hallowed nature of their high calling and what should be their fitness for it, which few other Christians possess. These advantages, arising from the sacred nature of our work, and our position and relations, all belong to Christ and his cause, and as such should be faithfully and scrupulously employed.

"We can all *pray* for the downfall of the fearful system of Slavery, and we believe in the efficacy of prayer.

"We can all drop a word to our correspondents, occasionally, in our letters—not in the spirit of bitter denunciation, but in kind entreaty, yet with all fidelity; at least often enough to remind and impress them, that we do abhor, from the bottom of our hearts, the iniquitous system of American Slavery, as a *crimson sin*, and fear not to contravene the influence of rulers and Pharisees—I mean, the dominant sway—no, not of great and even *good* men arrayed in its favour.

"We can also, as occasion may dictate, speak out in a more public manner on this subject.

"Tell me not that we are in danger of compromising the welfare of the missionary cause, by declaring ourselves the enemies of Slavery, and the friends of the bleeding African. The very idea is preposterous—a libel on our high and holy calling. Our calling *is*, necessarily and of course, in heaven-high and heaven-wide antagonism to Slavery, and as such should be known and read of all men. The *missionary*—Christ's freeman and Christ's ambassador, is not, and should not be, muzzled in regard to *any sin*, either at home or abroad; and if his connection with any Protestant Missionary Board involve that condition (which I do not believe to be the case), I see not how, as a *Christian*, he could consistently assume the relation. For one I plant myself by the side of the suffering and the oppressed, the world over. They shall have the poor benefit of my humble name, and my feeble pen; and had I a thousand more to offer, gladly would I lay them on that altar, at the feet of the THE MAN OF SORROWS, THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR."

We are glad to learn that this excellent discourse is to be published in a cheap form for general circulation. It is a noble appeal to the religious sentiment of the people, and we trust it may be heeded by many who have not heretofore lent an ear to the wail of the slave.

CLERICAL REMONSTRANCE.

In another column will be found a memorial to Congress against the Nebraska Fraud, signed by Bishop Wainwright of the Episcopal Church and a large body of influential clergymen of various denominations, in this city and vicinity, most of them of the class which has hitherto frowned upon Anti-Slavery agitation and lent its influence in support of the Compromises of 1850. We need not say how much more agreeable it is to commend this class for a good deed actually done in the cause of Liberty than to censure them, as we have often been compelled to do, for their utter indifference to the woes and the wickedness of Slavery, and their guilty connivance with its supporters and apologists. We will even *try* to hope that this first step in the right direction may not be the last—that this first symptom of conscious wakefulness in view of the encroachments of the Slave Power upon Northern Rights may not be followed by a stupor more profound than that which they have heretofore exhibited in relation to an issue which involves the salvation or destruction of the country. We will endeavour to convince ourselves that this movement of theirs is something better than a mere spasm, a nightmare-muttering of words that spring from no vital principle in the heart, and that indicate only a temporary impatience with wrong, not a fixed determination to resist it in the name and in the strength of the Living God.

The clergy of New England have also united in an emphatic protest against the half-consummated crime. The following memorial, signed by more than 3,000 names, was sent to Washington by the hands of Rev. Henry M. Dexter, of Boston.

To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, clergymen of different religious denominations in New England, hereby, in the name of Almighty God, and in His presence, do solemnly protest against the passage of what is known as the "Nebraska bill," or any repeal or modification of existing legal prohibitions of Slavery in that part of our national domain which it is proposed to organize into the territores of Nebraska and Kansas.

We protest against it as a great moral wrong; as a breach of faith eminently injurious to the moral principles of the community, and subversive of all confidence in national engagements; as a measure full of danger to the peace, and even the existence, of our beloved Union, and exposing us to the righteous judgments of the Almighty.

And your protestants, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Charles Lowell, West Church, Boston.
Lyman Beecher, Congregational Church, Boston.
Manton Eastburn, Bishop Prot. Epis. Ch., Diocese Ms.
Baron Stow, Bowe St. Baptist Church, Boston.
Jos. Cummings, Bromfield St. Meth. Epis. Ch., Boston.
S. Streeter, First Universalist Church, Boston.
G. W. Blagden, Old South Church, Boston.
Alexander H. Vinton, Rector St. Paul's Church, Boston.
Thomas Worcester, New Jerusalem Society, Boston.
Daniel P. Cilley, First Freewill Baptist Church, Boston.
Samuel K. Lothrop, Brattle St. Church, Boston.
N. Adams, Essex Street Church, Boston.
Samuel Barrett, Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston.
A. L. Stone, Park Street Church, Boston.
Charles Beeson, Grace Church, Boston.
T. F. Caldicott, Baldwin Place Baptist Church, Boston.
Edward Beecher, Salem Church, Boston.
E. N. Kirk, Mt. Vernon St. Church, Boston.
Ephraim Peabody, King's Chapel, Boston.
William Jenks, late Pastor Green St. Church, Boston.
Rufus Ellis, First Church, Boston.
Rufus Anderson, Secretary A. B. C. F. M., Boston.
S. B. Treat, " " " "
S. L. Pomeroy, " " " "
P. D. Huntington, South Congregational Church, Boston.
Henry M. Dexter, Pine St. Church, Boston.
George Richards, Central Congregational Church, Boston.
A. A. Miner, School St. Universalist Church, Boston.
T. S. King, Hollis St. Church, Boston.
J. B. Waterbury, Bowdoin St. Church, Boston.
J. I. T. Coolidge, 13th Congregational Church, Boston.
C. A. Bartol, West Church, Boston.
Chandler Robbins, 2d Church, Boston.
A. H. Burlingame, Harvard St. Baptist Church, Boston.
W. H. Wines, Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston.
J. T. Sargent, Congregational Church, Boston.
R. H. Neale, 1st Baptist Church, Boston.
G. M. Randall, Church of the Messiah, Boston.
R. W. Clark, Maverick Church, Boston.
T. C. Jameson, Tremont Temple, Baptist Church, Boston.
Charles Smith, Shawmut Church, Boston.
Charles S. Porter, Phillips Church, Boston.
Theodore Parker, 28th Congregational Church, Boston.
Jeremiah Day, Ex-President Yale College, New Haven.
Theodore D. Woolsey, President Yale College, New Haven.
F. Wayland, President Brown University, Providence.
Mark Hopkins, President Williams College, Williamstown.
Edward Hitchcock, President Amherst College, Amherst.
B. Labaree, President College, Middlebury, Vermont.
R. E. Pattison, Waterville College.
Convers Francis, University Church, Cambridge.
George R. Noyes, Professor Harvard University, Cambridge.
Roswell Shurtleff, Professor Dartmouth College, Hanover.
Worthington Smith, President University Vermont.
George Burgess, Bishop Prot. Epis. Church Dioc., Maine.
Osmon C. Baker, Bishop M. E. Church, New Hampshire.
N. W. Taylor, Prof. Theo. Sem. Yale College, New Haven.
E. T. Fitch, Professor Yale College.
Leonard Woods, Theological Seminary, Andover.
Edwards N. Park, " " "
C. E. Stowe, " " "
Ralph Emerson, " " "
W. G. T. Shedd, " " "
E. Barrows, Jr., " " "
George Shepard, Prof. Theological Seminary, Bangor.
T. W. Coit, Prof. Eccl. History, Trinity College, Hartford.
Thomas C. Upham, Professor Bowdoin College.
R. D. Hitchcock, " " "
Joseph Haven, Professor Amherst College.
Aaron Warner, " " "
W. S. Tyler, " " "
George B. Jewett, " " "
N. Caswell, Professor Brown University.
Wm. Thompson, Professor Theo. Seminary, East Windsor.
G. O. Choules, North Baptist Church, Newport.
Joel Hawes, First Congregational Church, Hartford.
Horace Bushnell, North Church, Hartford.
Robert Turnbull, First Baptist Church, Hartford.
Thomas M. Clark, Episcopal Church, Hartford.
D. R. Goodwin, " " "
S. Sweetser, Central Church, Worcester.
N. Bouton, First Congregational Church, Concord, N. H.
Andrew P. Peabody, South Cong. Church, Portsmouth.
Leonard Bacon, Centre Church, New Haven.
John Todd, 1st Congregational Church, Pittsfield.
George Putnam, 1st Congregational Church, Roxbury.
J. W. Chickering, High Street Church, Portland.
W. T. Dwight, 3d Congregational Church, Portland.
J. J. Carruthers, 2d Congregational Church, "
Alvan Lamson, 1st Congregational Church, Dedham.
George E. Ellis, Harvard Church, Charlestown.
J. F. W. Ware, Unitarian Church, Cambridge.
John Pierpont, 1st Church, Medford.
W. P. Lunt, 1st Church, Quincy.
William Newell, 1st Parish, Cambridge.
J. A. Albro, Shepard Church, "
W. A. Stearns, 1st Congregational Church, Cambridgeport.
R. S. Storrs, 1st Congregational Church, Braintree.
Parsons Cook, 1st Congregational Church, Lynn.
Brown Emerson, 3d Church, Salem.
James Flint, East Church, "
S. M. Worcester, Tabernacle Church, Salem.
E. Ballou, Universalist Church, Montpeller.
Benjamin Tappan, Augusta, Maine.
And 2,950 others.

Many clergymen, we rejoice to say, do not consider it enough merely to append their names to a memorial to Congress; they also cry aloud against national perfidy and crime from their own pulpits or in public meetings. Of all the clergy of New England, no one has sinned more deeply in matters pertaining to Slavery than the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New Haven; but at a public meeting recently held in that city, he was one of the chief denouncers of Douglas's bill. Of course, no clergyman who has heretofore given evidence that his heart, however feebly it may beat, is on the side of liberty, can be silent now. On all sides such are lifting up their voices. Among the instances, in this vicinity, that have come to our knowledge, we may mention Rev. Samuel Longfellow, of Brooklyn, whose discourse will appear in the *Christian Inquirer* of this week, and Rev. Chas. Beecher, of Newark, who preached a sermon on Sunday last, which his congregation have voted to publish in pamphlet form for wide circulation.

For such testimonies in favour of Liberty from the class whose teachings have caused the people to wander far from the path of righteousness, and lulled them into a false security over the wrongs of Slavery, let us be thankful to God, while we take encouragement for the future.

PRESENTATION OF THE PETITION.

The above petition was presented to the Senate on Tuesday, by Mr. Everett. Mr. DOUGLAS called for the reading thereof, and then proceeded to denounce it as disrespectful to the Senate, "an atrocious falsehood and an atrocious calumny," and as coming from "political preachers," who "do not know what they are talking about." They had "prostituted the sacred desk to the miserable and corrupting influence of party politics," and "they ought to be rebuked and required to confine themselves to their vocation." They were misleading the people of New England and "drawing them into this pool of dirty water," &c. &c. [What dirty fellows Mr. Douglas and his associates must be, wallowing continually in "pools" so filthy that no man can follow them without being defiled!] The petition was "an attempt to set up a theocracy"! to "put the legislation of the country under the control of the Church!" He had "no doubt that these memorialists were men of learning, intelligence and respectability, but he was sure that there could not be found throughout the country any other body of men of equal number who had more ignorance upon this one subject upon which they now protested. How many of them had ever read the history of the acts of 1820? Not one. How many of them had ever read the history and the votes of the Northern States repudiating at the time of its adoption that very act? Not one. How many of them had ever read the votes and proceedings of the acts of 1850? Not one. Yet they profess to speak the will of God upon a subject in relation to which they are profoundly ignorant—they speak of the sanctity of national engagements. Did any one of these three thousand preachers tell their people in 1850 when the Fugitive Slave Law was resisted by force that it was their duty to obey it on the ground that it was a national engagement of the Constitution of the United States? But now, at the bidding of the Abolition Junta in Congress, they come forward and arraign the Senate of the United States in the name of the Almighty. He cared nothing personally for this or any other insults caused by the addresses of Abolition confederates. He could bide his time," &c.

Mr. MASON, of Virginia, talked in a similar strain. *Citizens* had a right to petition Congress, but ministers of the gospel, as such, were unknown to the Constitution and had no rights here. The petitioners had presumed to "invoke the vengeance of God upon us for our action upon a political measure." He objected to the receipt of a "memorial couched in such terms and professing to speak by such authority."

Mr. BUTLER, of South Carolina, took the same ground. The petitioners had "forgotten the religion of the Lamb" (Query: wolf?) and "mingled with the waters of the turbid pool of political strife." They had taken up the "character of the political lion," and were "going round, seeking whom they might devours," and he thought "they deserved the censure of the Senate."

Mr. ADAMS, of Mississippi, said the petition "professed to be the act of ministers of the Gospel, but it was so different from the acts of the Apostles, that it lost all the potency and character which its signers supposed their character and position would give to it."

Mr. PETTIT, of Indiana, was equally indignant. He would agree with the Senator from South Carolina in regard to clergymen defiling themselves by meddling with political affairs, if he thought the pool of politics was any more polluted than the stagnant waters of contradictory theology, in which these clergymen lived. He believed the pool of politics far more pellucid, clean, healthy and beneficial than the stagnant waters which surround the contradictory creeds and dogmas of these men, no two of whom could agree upon any particular point of theology. The Senate had an officer, chosen for his ability and information, who was a brother clergyman, whose duty it was to expound divine law to the Senate; and he would, therefore, if the motion be in order, move to refer this memorial to the Rev. Henry Slicer, Chaplain of the Senate, with instructions to inquire and report to the Senate whether the Nebraska bill was a violation of the law of God, and whether the Senate was in danger of having invoked the judgment and condemnation of heaven by passing it (loud laughter).

Gen. HOUSTON, of Texas, vindicated the petition in a manly spirit. He said it was respectful in its terms, and that its denunciations of the Nebraska bill were no more severe than those which he himself had uttered in debate. He saw no greater impropriety in ministers of the gospel memoralizing Congress than politicians, or any other men. He had told the Senate that the passage of the Nebraska bill would lead to excitement and agitation, and it was denied. This memorial, signed by 3,000 ministers of the living God—his vicegerents on earth—was evidence that the people were deeply moved by it.

Mr. EVERETT, instead of showing the spirit of a man and rebuking the insolence of Douglas & Co, rose to "*explain* (!) his connection with the petition." He had been "*requested* to present it," and had done so without reading it. He had not agreed as to the expediency of presenting memorials upon subjects which had passed from the body. But as others had continued to do so, he thought he might do so, particularly as it was possible the bill might be returned to the Senate. He did not think these three thousand clergymen of New England had any design to step from the appropriate line of their duty into the political arena. He eulogized the character of the memorialists. He regretted that this memorial had elicted any feeling. The Senator from New York had presented the memorial of the Bishop and clergy of New York, and it has been received without a word of objection. This memorial ought to be received as all others. It was wrong to ascribe to its signers angry or unworthy feelings, or motives.

Mr. SEWARD made a speech worthy of himself, calm and earnest in its tone, and vindicating, by sound argument, the right of the petitioners to address the Senate in language befitting their profession. The right of petition, he said, was a constitutional and invaluable right, and he would never be found criticising language of petitioners to see whether he could find cause for cavil or rejection.

On motion of Mr. BADGER, the memorial was laid upon the table without being referred.

IN THE HOUSE, the proceedings were more summary. Mr. APPLETON, of Boston, upon the opening of the House in the morning, asked leave to present the petition.

Mr. BOYCE objected.

Mr. DAVIS (R. I.)—Is it in order to ask for the reading of the remonstrance?

The SPEAKER—It is not; the presentation having been objected to, the matter cannot come before the House.

Mr. DAVIS—Does it require unanimous consent?

The SPEAKER—Such is the rule.

Mr. DAVIS—It is an exceedingly unjust one.

The remonstrance was carried out of the hall by a messenger.

TEMPERANCE.

We have never heard an argument against the legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks that was not equally good against laws prohibiting any other crime. Indeed we do not see how it is possible to set aside the arguments in favour of such prohibition except upon the ground of Christian Non-Resistance, viz.: the denial that it is right to put down any iniquitous practice by force. If the advocates and apologists of dram-selling would propose to abolish the whole penal code and trust to moral power alone for the prevention of crime, we should have some respect for them; but while they strenuously insist upon punishing murder, stealing, arson, &c., by the strong arm, and clamour for impunity only to a traffic which is the prolific source of *all* these crimes, they will continue to excite in us disgust rather than sympathy. Independently of the question whether governments of violence are right or wrong, we confess that we which with no little interest the effort now being made to put the ban of legal prohibition upon the liquor traffic, regarding them as an important step in the progressive department of the human race. If, as we, individually, believe, the element of violence is not, in the long run, adapted to the end for which it is employed by governments, nothing could be better calculated to bring that truth home to the convictions of the people than an experiment which shall test its effects in a case wherein their moral feelings are deeply excited. Viewing the subject in this light, we have endeavoured to keep our readers informed, from time to time, of the progress of the Prohibitory Movement; and we now copy the following article from the *Tribune*, because it contains, in a brief space, the facts which show the present state of that movement.

THE TEST OF EXPERIENCE.—The more popular branch of the Massachusetts Legislature on Thursday refused to take any step toward repealing or essentially modifying the Prohibitory Liquor Law of that State by a vote of more than two to one—by far the largest majority ever given in that House, or by the State in any way, on the side of prohibition. The vote was a test one, taken on the heel of a long speech from the leading advocate of the liquor interest, to which no one thought proper to reply otherwise than by calling for the yeas and nays. The triumph of Temperance in the legislature of Massachusetts has become a fixed fact, and its champions deem it no longer necessary to waste words on the sophistries of their antagonists. They might as well indulge in rhetorical displays and flights of fancy in behalf of the laws which inhibit stealing, forgery, or any other crime. They have argued *their* case before the high court of the Sovereign People, and there obtained a decision in their favour. Henceforth they have but to enforce the judgment and serve the execution.

It is now nearly three years since the model act of Prohibition—the glorious MAINE LAW—was adopted. Since then, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, have each passed acts contemplating the same end, while New York has chosen a Legislature expressly to follow their beneficent example. The act of Minnesota was submitted to the People, by them approved, and *for that reason* pronounced invalid by the Territorial Judge sent thither from Washington. In Rhode Island, the act, after a year's trial was submitted to the People, and by them upheld by a decisive majority; but the same Election gave a triumph to the Democratic party, which, by a secret prior understanding with the liquor interest, filled all Executive and Judicial offices with the creatures of that interest, and thus rendered the enforcement of the Law temporarily impracticable. This is a game that can be played but once, and the People are now preparing to beat it in their April Election. In Vermont, a desperate attempt was made last fall to repeal the Law, by a combination made up of Rum, Sham Democracy and bogus Free Soilism, but it was baffled, and only succeeded in somewhat impairing the stringency of the enactment. But Vermont's main annoyance grows out of the fact that she has bad neighbours. New York, Canada and New Hampshire on three sides of her persist in poisoning her more ignorant and weak-minded inhabitants with liquor and it is very hard to keep it out so long as they cherish and legally protect it. We trust this will not be much longer.

New Hampshire and Connecticut have each elected a Maine Law House, but with a Governor and Senate, elected under party drill, adverse to any act of Prohibition, nothing has yet been accomplished. We trust the obstacles thus interposed are on the eve of disappearing. Baltimore has likewise chosen a full Maine Law ticket—a premonitory, we trust, of the triumph of Prohibition in Maryland, though to that end another struggle is requisite. Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey have made some efforts in the right direction, but as yet with limited success. The friends of Prohibition are not discouraged, but will try again and again until their efforts shall be crowned with success. Indiana and Illinois will be powerfully agitated by Maine Law effort at their next elections. Wisconsin, having had the question submitted by the Legislature to the People, emphatically answered Yes, but the Legislature seems surprisingly deaf, and talks of passing a prohibitory act and submitting *that* to the People, to make sure that they meant what they said last fall. This is a party device to gain time, and it will gain nothing else. Ultimately, the will of the majority must prevail.

The present state of the question, therefore, may be summed up thus:

1. Less than three years have transpired since the first act of absolute Prohibition and Contraband Liquor Destruction was passed in any State, and within this time five States and one Territory have affirmed the principle of Prohibition, while another State and the greatest of all, has chosen a Legislature to do likewise, and a seventh (Wisconsin) has instructed its Legislature to follow in their footsteps.

2. *Not one* State that ever adopted a Law of Prohibition has repealed it, and in no one instance have the People, when appealed to, failed to sustain the principle of Prohibition by a decisive majority.

3. The cry for repeal grows everywhere weaker with each year's experience of the workings of Prohibition. When the act of Maine first took effect, the lovers of liquor, or of the profits made by selling it, were confident that they should be able to repeal it; but now they have no longer a hope of this, and their force in the Legislature has dwindled to a handfull.

In each State where it has been tried, Prohibition has steadily gained ground. Boston has been the stronghold of opposition in New England, as it is the focus of the rum traffic; yet Boston has at length chosen a Maine Law Mayor and commenced the prosecution of law-breakers. All through Massachusetts, the law is better enforced at this moment than it was at any time prior to the present year, and in most localities liquor-selling is either extinct or as stealthy and secret as any other violation of law. It is becoming more and more disreputable to sell, and the business falls constantly into lower and meaner hands, where it is not utterly abandoned.

ANTI-SLAVERY AMONG THE CUBANS.—We have occasionally, in times past, referred to indications of the fact that there exists in Cuba a positive Anti-Slavery feeling among some of that portion of the population who desire, and are willing to achieve, when the time comes, the political independence of that island. The existence of such an element in the revolutionary spirit of the Creoles can not but be regarded with great interest, as its importance can hardly be overrated in the event of a rupture between the colony and the mother country. In several conversations held with one of the Cuban exiles, and an influential man among them in this city, we have been repeatedly assured that the hope of emancipation is very strong with many of his countrymen, even of those who are most earnest for the annexation of Cuba to the United States; and that if little is said of it, except among themselves, it is because they are so fully persuaded that the very apprehension of such an event of revolution would cut off all chance of aid from many in this country who now look upon it with favour. Such a policy we, of course, look upon as worse than doubtful, and altogether too closely allied to that sort of Republicanism with which our own ancestors set up a Government, and likely to end in pretty much the same way. But still it may be that better counsels will prevail before the end comes, and we think we may discern at any rate, in the existence of the feeling, one of those little flecks of cloud which will go to make up the tempest that is gathering.

This subject is again suggested to us by a speech of Col. Forbes, the Secretary of the Society of Universal Democratic Republicans of this city—a Society composed mainly, if not altogether, of political refugees from abroad, and which, we are gl

THE AGITATION GOES ON!

The waves of opposition to the Nebraska Perfidy are mounting higher and higher every day. In this city, on Tuesday evening, another immense meeting was held at the Tabernacle to denounce it. It was composed of "the solid men of New York," of all parties. Among the officers were Hon. George Wood, Chairman of the Union Safety Committee, Hon. B. F. Butler, Ex-Mayor Havemeyer, Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, Rev. Dr. Bangs, and many "more of the same sort." The resolutions took higher ground than those of former meetings, and the speeches of Hon. John A. King, W. C. Noyes, and Sigismund Kauffman, were earnest and eloquent. The officers were constituted a committee for future operations.

In Philadelphia, also, on Tuesday evening, there was an immense meeting, Mayor Gilpin in the chair. Judge Kelly and Hon. E. J. Morris were among the speakers.

From all parts of the Free States we are receiving reports of meetings called for the purpose of protesting against the new step in the march of the Slave Power toward absolute dominion. Still, the people are only partially awake, and, though we *hope* for better things, we have our fears that the present excitement is only a spasm, to be followed by tame submission at last.

The Reign of Corruption.—Honest, industrious people, who earn their bread in the sweat of their own faces, and concern themselves very little with the affairs of government, have no adequate idea of the corruption that prevails among the politicians at Washington. The good easy souls who think that the American Government is God's best gift to the people and a model for all the world, must have their self-complacency pretty severely tested by information such as this, from one of the most reliable newspapers in the land:

Washington, Friday, March 10, 1854.

The bargaining in the House is enormous. They are pushing up the Western Railroad bills at a great rate, which are put through on the maxim of "scratch my back and I'll tickle your elbow." Wisconsin has projected lines of 700 miles in length embodied in one bill, which is likely to pass. Little Minnesota comes along with another string of alternate sections half as long. The prospect of carrying out the conditions of these grants is as remote as the chances of finding a new moon for Jupiter. Scheming men have got them in hand, mostly, and a terrible mess will be made of the whole thing in the end. You may judge for yourself when I tell you that Robt. J. Walker is mixed up with some of the largest of the enterprises. The French Spoliation bill is kept off by western men who are trafficking for votes for their schemes, by promising contingent support for that long-deferred measure of justice. The whole course of legislation on these land bills and everything else of a kindred character goes to show that the nearer Congress comes to nothing in their action the better. The experience of every man familiar with Washington who wishes to see an honest government, almost inevitably drives him into the admission of the wisdom of the *laissez faire* policy in public affairs. Corruption reigns the moment there is any public plunder to be disposed of. And under this head come all the appropriations, grants, donations, and the like. There is a good deal in that same old idea of making government a "simple machine."

The Traitor's Reward.—Some women of Alliance Stark County, Ohio, have given Senator Douglas a hint, which he may well deem prophetic of his fate. They ingeniously sowed thirty three-cent pieces between two sheets of gauze, forming a transparent mat of three or four inches square, and sent them to him with the following letter. The letter is signed by something over one hundred names:

To Mr. Douglas of Illinois, Member U. S. Senate.

Sir: We, the undersigned, wives, mothers and daughters of Stark County, Ohio, feeling grateful that our boasted "*Land of the Free and home of the brave*" is yet so free that *white* husbands, sons and brothers can enjoy their own liberty, beg to present to you the inclosed "*thirty pieces of silver*" as a testimony of the sentiments we entertain for your labours in the Nebraska bill. If Judas was worthy of his reward for betraying *one*, whom he knew had the power to extricate himself from the hands of his crucifiers, then much more are you worthy of this reward (should no office of emolument be proffered you), for this betrayal of liberty; for this effort to cast into hands more brutal than Jewish crucifiers *thousands of unoffending, weak and helpless* fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters, accused of no infraction of religious or civil law, and whose blood is called for by no maddening populace, but by cold-blooded avarice and the foulest passions.

Without dwelling upon this horrid picture further, may you receive the "*thirty pieces of silver*" herewith sent as an evidence of the consideration in which we hold you; and ere you follow the *last act* of Judas, may you repent in deepest sackcloth this most nefarious betrayal of Liberty.

Alliance, March 1, 1854.

The *Una* for March contains a letter from the Editor, who, as our readers know, has spent the winter in Washington, where she has found both instruction and amusement in watching the movements of the politicians there congregated. Of Edward Everett—"that icicle," as Wendell Phillips called him—she thus speaks:

Mr. Everett took the floor, and now there was a breathless silence where a moment before all were buzzing like a swarm of bees. His voice was low, and he seemed to us labouring under some oppression or embarrassment. We heard his eloquence described as unrivalled, and we looked to see him break away from his restraint. But not so, he laboured on, and on, smoothing and rounding every period till there was no vitality in it. Not a feeling of ours was touched with sympathy for the outraged Indian, not one momentary spark of indignation roused against the purposed wrong to the Negroes, to the North, or to the spirit of the compact which has heretofore been held sacred. In all this there was not one word that evinced the man had ever had a heart to help his intellect. When he spoke of Webster, there was, indeed, a momentary glow; a little warmth in the eulogy upon him and the compromise of 1850 might by some have been deemed eloquent, but not having any reverence even for the memory of the man of giant intellect, who debased himself to the lowest moral position, and dragged down, with him, his worshippers, we were not able to appreciate even that. On reviewing the impression of this speech, we cannot but still consider it a very small bid for the Presidency.

There's comfort in the belief that Mr. Everett, by his speech, frigid as an iceberg, and his failure to vote against Douglas's bill, has used himself up so effectually that the whole power of Webster Hunkerism will not suffice to put him on the Presidential track.

John L. O'Sullivan.—Some twelve or fifteen years ago the friends of this man hailed his advent into the political arena as an event of the highest importance, predicting with the utmost confidence that he would fill the void created by the death of William Leggett, and exert a powerful influence in elevating the tone and purifying the character of the Democratic party. For a time there appeared to be some ground for hope that these predictions would be realized. Full of youthful ardour, his voice was heard in earnest protest against old abuses and wrongs, and in favour of a righteous and beneficent democracy. Almost was he persuaded to be an Abolitionist, but, having consented to wear the label of a party, his advocacy of reformatory ideas grew fainter and fainter, until, at last, he sinks to the level of a Cuban Fillibuster; and now, being anxious to secure his confirmation by the Senate as Chargé to Portugal, we find him arguing through the Administration organ at Washington in favour of the extension of Slavery into Nebraska, in order to keep the South from leaving the Union! Alluding to the fact that a majority of his party at the North, himself included, were, in 1847, in favour of the Wilmot Proviso, the paltry doughface says, "*Thank God, we failed upon it!*" Thus does the once ardent and hopeful young Democrat consent to crawl at the feet of the meanest and basest Oligarchy that ever ruled a nation! Let his name be henceforth a synonym for subserviency and treachery!

George E. Pugh, of Cincinnati, has been elected to the U. S. Senate, to succeed Salmon P. Chase, whose term will expire on the 4th of March next. Mr. Pugh is a young lawyer of fine abilities, and his election was effected by the votes and influence of that portion of the Democratic members of the Legislature who don't much like Douglas's Nebraska bill. He will not take his seat till December, 1855, so that his opinions on that subject are not of immediate practical importance. His future course may be determined by events yet to transpire. Some of those who know him express the hope that he will not be the tool of the Slave Power. We shall see.

A Modern Pharisee in a Fog.—For a striking illustration of the manner in which the spirit of compromise with a great crime plunges a man, and even a professed teacher of ethics, into a moral fog, in whose opaque mists the path of duty becomes indiscernible, we refer the reader to the letter of Rev. E. N. Kirk, on the first page. The path of the just, we are told, is as the shining light, that groweth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; but the path of an American divine, who apostatizes from the way of justice and turns aside into the morass of expediency, is a path not of light, but of darkness. Only think of it—an eloquent and popular clergyman of the city of the Pilgrims accepting the "essence" of the Fugitive Slave bill as right and Christian, but troubled with scruples of conscience as to its details! Willing that the fugitive should be carried back again into bondage, but not quite sure that he ought to consent that the deed should be done precisely as that bill provides. A very delicate conscience is that of the Rev. Mr. Kirk—almost as delicate as that of certain persons of the olden time, who took whole camels down their throats without the least difficulty, but could not possibly swallow the most diminutive gnat.

The Paradise of Liberia.—Bishop Scott, of the Methodist Church, returned, not long since, from a visit to Liberia. At the annual meeting of the Delaware Colonization Society Society, in January, he owned that the Colonists treated the natives, "to some extent," as the whites of the South do the blacks, and that when he wanted to visit one of the farming settlements, and found it necessary to ride, he was compelled to hire men, instead of horses, to drag him three and a half miles in a small handcart. Subsequently, in answer to a question by a gentleman present, whether there was no horse-power in the colony, the Bishop stated that he had heard that *there was one horse* somewhere within its limits, but that he did not see it; he did, however, see one donkey. These are the admissions of one who would fain persuade all the free coloured people in the land to go to Liberia.

The Difference.—John C. Calhoun, the incarnation of Slavery, fought its battles with his dying breath. When his own voice became too weak for public speaking, instead of retiring from the conflict, he invoked the aid of a friend to give utterance to his opinions, going from his sick bed to the Capitol, "with feeble step and slow," to give to those opinions the weight of his personal presence. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, who ought to be as earnest in the cause of Liberty as Calhoun was in behalf of Slavery, after uttering a freezing, soulless speech against the Nebraska Iniquity, finally left the Senate chamber, when the question was about to be taken, not on account of dangerous illness, but because he was sleepy and unwell! We appreciate the amiability which induced Gov. Seward to make an effort to save the Massachusetts Senator from the consequences of his supineness, but really we think he ought not to have stood forth as the voluntary apologist of one who had so poor an excuse for deserting his post at such a crisis.

The *Massachusetts Spy* relates the following story in illustration of Wendell Phillips's hit at Edward Everett, in his Tabernacle Lecture, when, comparing him with Mr. Sumner, he called him "*that icicle.*"

"Good morning, Mr. L———" (said one member of the Worcester bar to another, a few years since, as they chanced to meet). "But you seem to have a bad cold."

"Why yes!—ahem—I have a very bad cold indeed—I am so hoarse I can hardly speak."

"And where did you get such a cold?" responded the other.

"Easily accounted for—easily accounted for," was the witty reply. "I was down to Boston yesterday, called on Governor Everett, and *staid too long.*"

Sensitive.—Mr. Lane, of Indiana, one day last week, in the course of a short debate with Mr. Sollers, of Maryland, took the liberty to say that he (Mr. L) did not represent a State where five negroes were considered equal to three white men. This remark aroused the indignation of several gentlemen from the South; the House was instantly in commotion, several members speaking at the same time, and baffling all efforts on the part of the Speaker to preserve order. One chivalrous slaveholder said the Constitution had been assailed, and that he had a right to be heard in reply!

Michigan.—R. B. Merritt, of Battle Creek, writes to us as follows, under date of March 6th.

"The Anti-Slavery labour expended in Michigan this winter is telling an important story. There is much excitement and considerable opposition, but the true gospel has been so calmly and forcibly put forth by those truly eloquent and noble advocates, the Fosters, J. W. Walker, and B. S. Jones, of Ohio, that many are inquiring 'what shall I do to be saved?' and, to put the whole in a very few words, we have had a glorious Anti-Slavery Revival in Michigan this winter."

The pamphlets our friend ordered have been sent by mail.

"The Plymouth Festival"—We accidentally omitted to mention last week that the article by Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall, in the last *Standard*, was written for the "Liberty Bell," which, it was supposed, would be published for the last Bazaar. As that publication, however, was omitted for this year, the article, at Mrs. Dall's request, and much to our satisfaction, as well as, we doubt not, to that of our readers, was forwarded to us. We regret, however, the mistake of the printer who transformed Mrs. Dall's first name into "Catharine," but it is one which most of our readers would correct for themselves.

The *Free Presbyterian* speaks of the singular fact, that a Church at the Sandwich Islands, composed of recently converted heathen, has offered a prize of $100 for the best essay on "American Slavery, a Formidable Obstacle to the Conversion of the World" (the prize having been awarded to William Goodell), and expresses the hope that the same body will next proceed to appoint Missionaries from the Sandwich Islands to the Slaveholding States of this Union; Norfolk being more truly Missionary ground than Calcutta or Pekin.

The *Little Pilgrim* for March contains an original story by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Sketches by Grace Greenwood, several pretty poetical contributions, and a variety of other matter suited to the tastes and capacities of children. Among those who are expected to write for future numbers are Mary Howitt and her daughter Annie, Hawthorne, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields, Eliza L. Sproat and Anna H. Phillips.—Monthly: 50 cts. a year. Edited by Grace Greenwood.

No other feature of Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill seems likely to make its authors more trouble than that which excludes emigrants not naturalized from any voice in the political affairs of the new territories. No such exclusion has ever been applied to other territories, and the measure, now adopted for the first time, evidently for the purpose of securing the spread of Slavery, will be likely to divorce from the Administration a large body of people of foreign birth, who would otherwise probably become its allies.

Afraid of the Light.—The Boston correspondent of the *Independent* says that reporters were tampered with to prevent them from giving to the public the speech of Hon. Josiah Quincy at the great Anti-Nebraska meeting at Faneuil Hall. Nevertheless, the *Atlas* did publish a pretty fair report, which has been extensively circulated. Those who have read that report will not be at any loss to understand why the speech was particularly unpalatable to the Boston Cottonocracy.

Ex-President Fillmore is journeying at the West, with his face toward the South. His movements create almost as little excitement as those of the renowned John Tyler. The man Hall, whom he made a Judge in order to secure the conviction of the rescuers of Jerry, is his travelling companion. "A noble pair of brothers," indeed!

Change of Name.—The *Forest City Democrat* has taken a new name—The *Cleaveland Leader*. A sensible change, and one which will greatly promote the convenience of such of its cotemporaries as have occasion to quote from its columns.

The *Journal of Commerce*—the organ *par excellence*, of the Cotton piety of this city—is not a little disturbed because so many of the clergy of all denominations have declared their opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. There is not in this country a more unprincipled sheet than the *Journal of Commerce*, which, making extraordinary professions of piety, is always in favour of any measure designed to strengthen and extend the dominion of Slavery.

New Hampshire.—The annual election in this State was held on Tuesday last. It resulted in the success of N. B. Baker, the Hunker Democratic candidate for Governor, by 3,000 majority, and in the choice of a Legislature with about 35 majority for the same party. The leaders insisted *before* the election that the Nebraska question was not at issue, but they will no doubt proclaim the result as an evidence that New Hampshire has endorsed the Douglas swindle.

The *Universal Phonographer* is the title of a monthly journal which has just entered upon its third volume, lithographed in the corresponding and reporting styles of Phonography, by Andrew J. Graham, of this city. To the student of the system, this work, together with the *Steno Phonetic Correspondent*, edited by the same gentleman, and designed more especially for learners, will be found a useful assistant. (Sold by Fowlers and Wells.)

Slavery and Christianity.—The prize tract, written by William Goodell (to whom was awarded the premium of $100 offered by the Church at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands), and entitled "American Slavery a Formidable Obstacle to the Conversion of the World," has been published by the American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society. We need not say that the subject is handled with ability and thoroughness.

Pennsylvania.—The Democratic State Convention did *not* endorse the Nebraska bill. Those of the leaders who were in favour of the measure were afraid to introduce the question, lest it should divide and defeat the party. Even Gov. Bigler, the supple tool of the Slave Power, would not risk his fate at the next election by consenting to run upon Douglas's platform.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

We notice with regret that the editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* has been compelled by ill health to take a brief respite from his editorial duties. We hope a short period of rest and relaxation may be sufficient to renew his overtaxed energies.

——Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia, is about to give to the world a volume of his miscellaneous writings. He has genius enough for half-a-dozen common men, and his book will find many readers, who will not only be charmed by his wit, but enlightened by his philosophy.

——Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, lately a member of Congress from the Lancaster District, Pa., delivered a lecture to a large audience in Philadelphia recently, in which he compared the ancient with the present times, and was very naturally led to speak of Slavery in terms befitting the lips of a freeman. Those who remember the castigation administered by him to the Virginia and Maryland slaveholders, on the floor of Congress, four years ago, will not need to be told that his words on this later occasion were suited to the crisis.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXLII.

The Argument.—*Quiet Times—History and Letter Writing—What cannot be expected—What Faneuil Hall cannot bear—Nebraskiana—Clerical Movements—What it ought to mean—What it may—Slaveholding Commentaries, according to the Correspondent—He expounds the American Creed and its two Great Commandments—He maketh suggestions when too late—What he wisheth could have been done—Mr. Kirk's distresses—Piety and Democracy—They are Angry and Sin not—The Pious Post—An Experience capable of an Improvement—The Whigs and Mr. Everett—A Case of Real Distress—The Correspondent condoleth and concludeth, &c., &c., &c.*

Boston, March 14, 1854.

We have had quite a lull here since I wrote to you last. Times of peace and of armistice are as barren to the Letter-writer as to the Historian. And, indeed, what is the one but the other in little—a historian of a week, whose work is comprised within half a dozen paragraphs, marshalled in a single column? But, then, you cannot expect us to have an Anti-Slavery Meeting of Webster Whigs once a fortnight. It would be unreasonable. Faneuil Hall itself couldn't stand it. The poor old thing finds that Titanic daub of Healey's, which plasters over its whole platform side, shouldering away under the stairs, or wherever they can be out of the way, such scrubs as John Hancock, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, &c., to make way for Mr. Webster and his entire contemporary generation. I say poor old Faneuil finds that as much as it can stagger under. I think it would come down under such another Indignation Meeting as I told you of in my last.

There is nothing, however, to write about but Nebraskiana. I see that some three thousand and odd clergymen and Theological professors have sent up a Remonstrance against the Bill. This ought to stand for a great deal, and the time has been when it would. But I am afraid the Slaveholders will remember but too freshly the unction with which the Lower Law, or the Gospel of Slave-catching, was preached in all the chiefest pulpits of all the sects in New England, as well as in the rest of the Free States, less than three years ago. Their way of looking at the subject, I should apprehend, would be somewhat in this wise. The Constitution of the United States is to be maintained even if we have to send our mothers back into Slavery. All laws made under the Constitution must be obeyed while they are laws. This duty is proved by the example of the old prophets, of Christ, the Apostles and other Martyrs generally, who were particular to obey the laws that were made by the powers that were, and who derived great promotion and profit from their so conducting themselves. Consequently, we have only to pass this law and carry our slaves into Nebraska, in conformity with it, and these reverend gentlemen will all unite in preaching that it is the duty of all and singular to submit to it and obey it. And so, not only the wisest, but the kindest thing we can do is to put the thing through with the greatest possible dispatch, and so put these suffering men out of their pain. And, after all, since the Chief End of Man is to catch our negroes, and the prime object of the Christianity to enforce this duty by all the sanctions of religion, what possible harm can our helping ourselves to Nebraska do? On the contrary, will it not multiply the number of brands which may be snatched from the burning by such eminent Saints as Doctors Spencer, Tyng, Lord, Dewey, Sharpe and the like, and restored to happiness and us? Will not these good shepherds rejoice in the multiplication of opportunities of restoring to our fold the lambs (we are not particular as to their being even black or woolly) that may have strayed therefrom? And, upon my soul, I don't see but they would make out a pretty good *prima facie* case.

Of course, I do not mean to infer that all the reverend gentlemen whose names have gone up at the foot of that Remonstrance were of the pure American type of Christianity. I am afraid that many of them must have been infected, more or less, with the damnable heresy of the Higher Law. The chiefest of the great sects of every name, however, I flatter myself were sound on the vital articles of the American Creed, "Thou shalt have no other God before the Congress of the United States; and, Thou shalt catch negroes with all thy heart and with all thy strength." The numbers of the signers, were the noses duly numbered, might be found among the infidels; but I flatter myself that what the Quakers call *the Weight* of the Meeting would be found to preponderate heavily on the right side. It would have been well, I think, to have had a discrimination made between these two classes of the Remonstrants, to have the sheep parted from the goats. Had I been consulted (which I was not) in the matter, I should have advised a separate Memorial from those faithful men who had never swerved from the faith, but had maintained it unto the end through much tribulation, in order that our Southern Brethren might have an opportunity of showing how much respect they entertained for them, and what a grateful sense they entertained for their services. We are confident the devout Chivalry of the South would have rejoiced at such an opportunity; whereas, as it stands, the treatment the Remonstrance will receive will be attributed to the evil odour in which the baser sort are held by them. It is a thousand pities that the Slaveholding Saints should not have had an opportunity of testifying the respect and affection in which they hold the faithful Lords, Spencers, Tyngs, Deweys, Kirks, Springs and the like, for their services in their behalf. I am entirely sure they would not have let it slip, but that it would have been manifest unto all men with a distinctness which, I fear, this lumping process will disturb.

Poor Mr. Kirk (or *Dr.* Kirk, he should be a Doctor, if he be not) got into quite a *row* with some of his congregation on this matter. This gentleman was one of the ministers who preached Compromise Sermons in 1851 or 2, and he was so little wise in his generation as to suppose that there was such a thing as a Southern half to a Compromise. Accordingly, he made bold to express his dissatisfaction with the Nebraska *bagatelle*, in his pulpit. Now it would seem that there must be such anomalies in Nature as pious Democrats. Strange as it may appear, there must have been some of the Unterrified Adamantines (so called from their being afraid of nothing except losing the possession or the chance of office), there must have been some of these Hard Characters that had experienced religion under Mr. Kirk's ministrations. It is not surprising, under such a provocation, that they should have been fired with a holy indignation, and that they should have been angry and sinned not. What was done in the Church I cannot state from personal knowledge (not being in full communion with them at this time); but that truly religious paper, the Boston *Post*, was the organ of the disaffected, or rather the distressed, of that Zion, and it remonstrated with the erring shepherd in unmistakable tones. For a week or two Mr. Kirk had to take the best that orthodox print had to give, all one as if he had been Garrison or Theodore Parker. All his past services were forgotten. He was told, pretty plainly, that if he did not stop that sort of thing, he would have to walk Spanish in short metre (this metaphor is a little mixed; but, never mind, I can't stop to *unmix* it). It was an entertaining sight to see, and not an unedifying one to Mr. Kirk, and the cloth generally, if they had but grace to lay it to heart. What practical effect these rebukes of Adamantine piety have had on this particular offender, I cannot say, as I have not attended Divine Service there since they were administered.

The Whigs have been sorely tried by the unfortunate indisposition which prevented Mr. Everett from voting against the Bill. It was serious affliction to them, inasmuch as it turned them out naked to their enemies. It is affirmed that some of them put their immortal souls in danger by profane cursing and swearing, when they heard of it. But this I can hardly believe, knowing, as I do, the vital piety which distinguishes them from the Democrats. At any rate, they were greatly mortified, and provoked, and abased, as far as my hearing went, for Mr. Everett, more than any of his open opponents were. Even the medico-political certificate which was furnished him, gave them little ease. It was a case of real distress. You know my sympathetic nature and may judge of my sufferings in the premises. Only think of hearing people say, "Do you suppose Mr. Everett would not have sat up to vote, if it had been a Tariff Bill that was to be acted on?" But I will turn from the contemplation of such outbursts of ill-nature, and relieve you of my company for a fortnight.—D. Y.

MR. GREELEY IN BOSTON.

Boston, March 11th, 1854.

Dear Mr. Johnson: Hon. Horace Greeley, of your city, gave us the third of the Course of Independent Anti-Slavery Lectures in this city on Thursday evening last. It was delivered at the Tremont Temple to a large audience, though by no means so large as I had expected to see. It was in the lecturer's best style, spirited, humourous at times, discussing in a calm yet fearless manner many of the leading points which Slavery suggests, and satirizing those men and parties, whether ecclesiastical or political, who have gone for the Lower Law, and for compromise with the Slaveholders. The lecturer did not appear to agree or sympathize altogether with any of the existing movements against Slavery, and frankly confessed he had no specific of his own to apply to it. Yet he pointed out many of the causes of the growth of the Slave Power, and of the decline of the spirit of liberty throughout the North, with a skilful hand. He was frequently applauded, and when, at the close of his lecture, he said that in the grave of the Missouri Compromise would be buried all the compromises and compacts that North and South had ever made on the subject of Slavery, he was greeted by a storm of cheers, which were prolonged for some time. To those of us, however, who have seen how tamely and passively the at-first-excited North has settled down, under former audacious encroachments and usurpations of the Slave Power, all these present indications of popular feeling mean less than we would gladly allow to them. There must be a point, however, at which the North will stop, plant firmly its foot, and resist the aggressions of the Slave Power, be the consequences to the Union or to the South what they may—or consent itself to be a hand-cuffed, gagged and despised slave. Would to God that the Northern people had the grace and spirit to take this only effectual and manly stand NOW. Truly yours, M.

NARRATIVE OF SOLOMON NORTHUP.

To the Editors of the A. S. Standard.

I desire, with more earnestness than I can express, to recommend, through your columns, a book which has not yet obtained, even from Anti-Slavery people, the attention it claims—"*The Narrative of Solomon Northup, or Twelve Years a Slave*"—a book hardly second to Mrs. Stowe's in the distinctness and depth of the impression which it must make on every one who reads it. And every one will read it who fairly begins it.

I have no appetite for tales of horror and suffering; and besides, having been made acquainted, as we all were, through the papers, with the main points of Solomon Northup's case at the time of his return from bondage, I supposed, when I first saw the book advertised, that its chief interest had been anticipated, and I thought it very likely it would show marks of *bookmaking*. It is only very recently that I was induced to read it. It rivets the reader from beginning to end; and it bears throughout the deepest impress of Truth. While it is a personal history of extraordinary interest, it sends a broad light into the very centre of the Southern institution, and shows us what a 'Barbary Power' has got root on our soil. The most devoted Anti-Slavery man will rise from the perusal of this book, familiar as he may be with the character of American Slavery, with a new impression of its piratical and savage spirit, and with a new vow in his soul to do all that he can to abolish the intolerable nuisance.

While our legislators, borne aloft to the high places of power by the top wave of public opinion, are perfecting there their treason against Freedom and Humanity by all manner of outrages, legalizing the trade in human flesh, we must take heart and hope in the under-current which is slowly and surely setting in the opposite direction, and which, as God lives, shall one day gather such volume as to carry all before it—all but those unhappy politicians who will be left high and dry, the pity and the wonder of the world. It is the office of such works as Solomon Northup's Narrative to swell this under-current.

With high regard, your friend, W. H. Furness.

Philadelphia, March 9, 1854.

We thank the writer of the foregoing letter for his earnest commendation of a work which we have read with intense interest, and which we hope may find its way into hundreds of families to which his opinions will come home with a weight transcending that of any endorsement that we could give. The book of which he speaks is for sale at this office, price $1. We entreat our friends to buy and circulate it.

[For the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

NEBRASKA.... BY WILLIAM NORTH.

There's a watchword weak and timid,
Watchword which the gods despise,
Which in dust the poet tramples,
And that word is—*Compromise!*
Word of spirits feeble, fallen,
Creed of Dollars and of Cents,
Prayer to the Prince of Darkness
From a craven army's tents!

Let an Irish renegade,
Born a slave, of mongrel race,
Bend before the Southern Baal,
In his mantle of disgrace!
He who turned his back on honour
Well may cringe to slavers grim,
Well may volunteer to rivet
Fetters to the Negro's limb.

But the poet has no pity
For the human beast of prey,
Freely speaks he, though the heavens
And the earth should pass away,
Aye, though thrones and empires crumble,
Races perish in the strife,
Still he speaks the solemn warning—
"*Live for the Eternal Life!*"

Ye may talk, and print, and vainly
Rear a pyramid of lies,
Slavery is still a *fiction*,
Still his lord the slave denies;
Still the mighty *institution*
Is a long enduring *crime;*
God and Devil, Truth and Falsehood,
Slave and Freedom, never rhyme!

Is the negro man or monkey?
Has he reason? Yea or no?
Is the brutal Celtic peasant
Placed above him or below?
Is intelligence the measure,
Or the colour of the skin?
Is the Slavery of *white* men
Russia's blessing or its sin?

But I argue not, I scorn to
Make a channel of my mouth,
For the simple facts the *conscience*
Proves to *all* from North to South.
There is not a single slaver
In the land, who dares to say
That the mighty institution
Will not die, and pass away.

Let it vanish, let it perish!
Let the blot on freedom's flag
Be torn from it and rejected,
Though it leave you but a rag!
Let the *prisoners and captives*
Not be loosened on parole,
But released, as the descendants
Of the sires your fathers stole!

Not as foe, as man and brother,
To the South, I say this word,
What is past is past—the future
Frowns upon the negro's lord!
Give Nebraska, give the future,
To a crime, and to a lie?
Rather leave this land a desert,
Rather battle till we die!

Let the hearts of cowards wither,
Let the pale intriguers flinch
From a visionary peril;
Say we—"Not another inch,
"Not one forward step, O blinded
"Worshippers of slave-born gold,
"Lest a swift and sure destruction
"Blast the little that ye hold!"

Who are ye, vain legislators,
That dispose of man's domain?
Who are ye, thus arrogating
Over continents to reign?
Know a truth, too long forgotten,
Earth is man's and thought is fate,
Pause, ye reckless band of traitors,
Ere ye sell mankind's estate!

Compromises, Extraditions!
By the hope of life divine,
Rather would I howl with devils,
Than such degradation sign!
Aid in capturing a negro
Flying from the slavers' land?
Rather forge, or steal, or murder
With a pirate's lawless hand!

Let the course of *reparation*
Flow as gently as ye will,
Let humanity and justice
Peacefully their ends fulfil,
But to Slavery's *extension*,
Let one loathing voice out-go
From the heart of human nature—
No—an everlasting No!

SUMMARY.

Judge Shaw of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, decided the sections of the liquor law authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquors as unconstitutional.

Dr. Wm. P. Gibbons, of the California Academy of Natural Sciences, formerly of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., shares with Agassiz the honour of having recently discovered, and described two species of viviparous fishes.

The *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, the Garrisonian paper of Salem, Ohio, publishes the list of letters remaining in the post office of that place. It is "outside of any healthy political organization," but has the required circulation.

Some ill-natured critic says that "it has recently been discovered that it is necessary for ladies, who wear wafer-soled shoes, to have from ten to fifty dollars worth of furs around their necks and wrists, in order to maintain a uniform heat of the system."

The Supreme Court of Michigan has affirmed the constitutionality of the Prohibitory Liquor Law of that State, overruling the decision of Mr. Justice-of-the-Peace Bagg and sustaining the law on all the points involved. We presume this settles the question, so far as Michigan is concerned.

Punch thus compliments "one of the Beechers," and taunts Mr. Beechers's victim: "He has not yet got the plantation, but one of the Beechers (Mrs. Stowe's brother) has, in a scourging letter, supplied the 'patriot' with the lash. That, as an inseparable element of Slavery, is something to begin with."

Can Slavery go into Nebraska?—More than one-fourth of all the slaves in the United States are North of 36 deg. 30 min., the Southern line of Nebraska. Yet some of the "optimists and quietists" say that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is of no *practical* importance, because Slavery cannot exist in Nebraska.—*Commonwealth.*

The Illinois Endorsement.—The resolutions which, at the instigation of Senator Douglas, were passed through the Illinois Legislature, seem to have been passed by the dodging operation. The vote in the House was 31 yeas to 21 nays, while there were 23 absentees. Two Whigs and 29 Democrats voted yea. The noes were given by 11 Whigs and 10 Democrats. The dodgers were 14 Democrats and 9 Whigs.

Emancipation of Slaves.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday, Mr. Charles E. Stewart, of Woodville, Missouri, appeared and presented for record deeds of emancipation for three slaves who were with him. One of them was so fair complexioned and well dressed that he might readily have been taken for a master instead of a slave. The deeds were ordered to be recorded by Judge Carter.—*Cin. Gazette.*

One of the Boys.—When Henry Ward Beecher visited this city to deliver some lectures a year or two since, he rode from Waterville on the box, when Sam, a young but favourite driver, was in charge of the team. Sam drove the team through at the rate of twelve miles an hour, anticipating by two or three hours the usual time of arriving. The proprietor of the line inquired of him the next day how he came to drive so fast. "Oh," said he, "I tell you I had one of the boys on the box, and he wanted to see 'em go; and I put 'em through!"—*Bangor Mercury.*

The New Orleans *Crescent* closes an article designed as a protest against reviving the Slavery agitation by the repeal of the missouri Compromise, with these words:

"Gentlemen of the South! When you were stronger, you got the old compromise; now, when you are weaker, you had better stick to it. Nay, stick to all the compromises, for, be assured that the *next* agitation—that is to say, this, if you are drawn into it—will, in all human probability, be the last. *There'll never be another compromise;* rely on that easy prophecy."

The beard movement in England is one of the most rapid on record, even in these fast times. Whole towns and classes go into it at once. The *Daily News* strongly recommends the clergy to abandon smooth shaving, and return to the manly and majestic beard as worn by the glorious Reformers of the sixteenth century. It says nothing would be a surer preventitive of clergymen's sore-throat than for nature's covering to supersede cravats. The Rev. Peter Barlow, Incumbent of Cockheid, has acted on the advice. Some of his people were so highly offended at this resemblance to Cranmer and Latimer, that they left the Church. The great body of the congregation, however, were sensible enough to remain.—*Church Journal.*

New Atmospheric Telegraph.—Mr. J. S. Richardson, the inventor of the proposed atmospheric telegraph, by which the mails, and even packages weighing several tons, will be transmitted the whole distance between New York and Boston in at least fifteen minutes, by atmospheric pressure, through a tube of metal, has asked of Congress an appropriation of *fifty thousand dollars*, to test the experiment, instead of five thousand as has heretofore been reported. The President, *pro. tem.*, of the Senate has appointed the following select committee to consider the petition of Mr. Richardson, viz.: Messrs. Shields, Everett, Mallory, Williams, and Thompson, of Kentucky. The project, we understand, receives, as it deserves, favourable consideration in Washington.

Lecture by Hon. Horace Greeley.—An immense audience filled the spacious Tremont Temple, last evening, to listen to an address upon "Slavery and its Counteracting Influences." The speaker was introduced to the audience by the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, of this city. For about an hour and a half Mr. Greeley had the undivided attention of his hearers. He was loudly applauded throughout, and persons who have heard him upon former occasions in this city state that he never before has appeared here in a lecture room to so good advantage as last evening. In the course of the lecture he stated that the land of the State of Virginia without Slavery would this day command a higher price in the market than it now does for both land and slaves; that is, the presence of slaves, and the influences resulting therefrom, depressed the value of landed estate more than the cash valuation of the slave property.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sick Statesmen.—It might be useful to know what degree of sickness would justify the absence of statesmen from the post of duty, in times of danger to any important interest to the country.

It is recorded of the great Chatham, that, although labouring under severe illness, he repaired to the House of Lords on the 7th of April, 1778, to oppose the proceedings of the British government towards the American colonies. At the close of his speech on that occasion, he fainted and fell backwards; he was carried out on a litter and died soon after. The engraving of that memorable scene is familiar to everybody. The city of Pittsburgh was so named by our fathers to show their gratitude to the man who died in defending their liberty.

Is there any one of our Senators in Congress whose fidelity deserves such a monument?—*Eve. Post.*

The New York Senators.—It gives us pleasure to perform a simple act of justice towards men to whose course on many political questions we are utterly opposed. Amongst the faithful few who resisted, at every step and to the last, the Nebraska iniquity, were Senators Seward and Fish of this State. The one by a powerful speech—evincing a moral courage which we should have been glad to see imitated by some of his democratic associates—as well as by his votes; the other by his votes, never wanting when called for—our Senators have faithfully and fearlessly performed their duty. On the field where so many fainted and fled, no brave man who proved true shall fail to receive the praise which he merits at our hands. Without regard to their party affinities, we feel proud of the course pursued on this question by the Senators from New York. We only wish that every free State had been as ably and faithfully represented.—*Post.*

Chivalry.—A correspondent of *Die Reform* writes thus from Charleston, S. C., in illustration of the *chivalrous* and feudal spirit of the South:

"Last week two clerks were publicly whipped in the market place for stealing from their employers. They were sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes, which were to be inflicted at three several times, and at such intervals, that the wounds caused by the first should be healed before the second punishment, and so of the third. At the first whipping, these unhappy victims of the barbarism of the middle ages, after suffering twenty strokes, fell bleeding and fainting, and were carried back to jail. Ten thousand persons beheld this horrible spectacle! I could tell you a dozen cases of this awful whipping, in which both men and women have been victims, but this one is sufficient. Nothing seems to me more disgraceful than that the best portion of the American Press, who were so indignant at Haynau, the 'woman-whipper,' should not have a word to say at the daily occurrences, disgraceful to humanity, in their own land."

Established.—Mr. Pease's Five-Points House of Industry is to be incorporated. This is a good thing. It assures the public of its stability and permanence. The Corporators will number thirty, including some of the most reliable and wealthy men of the city. Hereafter, the enemies of the institution will hardly be able to concentrate their fire on one individual.

The objects of the Association are set forth in the act of incorporation as follows:

1. To assist the destitute to support themselves, by providing for their employment, protection, and instruction, according to their necessities.

2. To provide partial or entire support, with suitable instruction, to children and others incapable of self-support, and not satisfactorily provided for by their parents, guardians, or by existing institutions.

3. To imbue the objects of its care with the pure principles of Christianity, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, without bias from the distinctive peculiarities of any individual sect.—

Miscellaneous Department.

[For the Standard.]

LITTLE JANE AND HER NURSE.

"AUNT KITTY, were you *very glad* when told that you were free?"
Aunt Kitty turned a wond'ring look of half reproach on me,
And answered by a question keen, in accents stern and grave,
"Miss Jane, would you be *very glad* if told you were a slave?"

"O, no! but *I* was always free; I should not like to change;
But you were born in Slavery and must feel very strange!"
"Ah, child! you know not what you say, you were not freer born
Than any Negro in the land!"—I turned away in scorn.

Aunt Kitty gazed at me and said, "our *souls* are free, I mean;
Our bodies soon will pass away and be no longer seen;
If mine was born in Slavery, my soul was never bound,
And feels no change in liberty I have so lately found.

"The white men say, for liberty we would not be prepared,
That they had better care for us, and all our interests guard!
Kind masters! they have taught us well how we may work for food;
To till the field, to save the corn, draw water and hew wood.

"If we con work for *them and us*, and thus do double task,
What hinders that we may provide for our own selves, we ask?
Perhaps, from having outward bonds, our souls have swelled more high,
Knowing their freedom, than have yours who boast of Liberty.

"What is the poor Slave earliest taught, but that his master here
Owns not his soul!—he points to Heav'n and claims 'a Master there!'
A Father kind! And Abraham's breast will open to receive,
Because the most he knows on earth is but to toil and grieve.

"Perhaps he thinks old Master 'll call for drops to cool his tongue,
Sometimes he thinks he will not go, and then, with pity wrung,
His heart repents. You know, Miss Jane, the Negro's heart is kind;
And if he finds a place in Heaven, he'll want none left behind."

With grief and shame I hid my face upon Aunt Kitty's breast
(My mother's not so oft had soothed my infancy to rest);
She pressed me kindly in her arms, and asked me to forget
All she had told me, for "indeed!" she "did not mean to fret."

"But oh! Miss Jane, my heart is sore, I only am *half* glad;
For it is *only I* am free—the husband that I had
And all our children, Sall and Sue, and Bill and Rabbe, and Dave,
Will still be Slaves, and we may meet no more, this side the grave.

"Oh, I would gladly stay with them, as they can't go with me,
But I must go away, they say, for Mistress set me free;
And Master says, my spirit 's high—I have been taught to read,
And I'll do mischief with the rest, so I 'must tramp with speed.'"

Aunt Kitty's tears, so seldom seen, were running down her cheek,
My heart was throbbing in my side so fast I could not speak,
But in my inmost soul I said, if Heaven my life should save,
I'd plead the cause, before the world, of each unhappy slave.

LITTLE JANE.

Virginia, December, 1853.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE OLD MAGICIAN.

WHETHER from the realms of magic, self brought, or perchance, by some involuntary intuitive Abracadabra of my own accidentally invoked; whether from the musty recesses of my old books in the duty, legendary corner yonder, or whether merely from those innermost chambers of the brain, whither the soul strays, oft-times, to seek for that which never was; whether from all, or any, or none of these haunts, still there came, lately, and sat down over against me the old Magician. He had not white beard, nor wand, nor cabalistic figures inscribed on his dress; he did not smell sulphureous, nor did my lamp burn blue at his approach. Yet he was a presence, in which was power and wisdom and knowledge, and an importunity of charm to which the deafest adder must have listened, perforce. And there came out of him a voice, mildly saying: I am that false belief, as old almost as true belief, and, though false, not incompatible with the existence of my veracious brother. I am that superstition, or fancy, or imagination, or fiction, as you, in your clemency or severity, may call me, which you have dwelt upon and cherished and nourished against your reason, against your convictions, against your experience, since it was said, "Let there be light," and since light was.

Unembodied as I am (thus to me the old Magician), I yet take interest in the doings of the material world. I peruse, not unfrequently, the hebdomadal productions of the press, and among other periodicals I often see the one to which you contribute. Inflated with conceit, and blinded by opiniation, you lately undertook to commiserate and to point out as a Case of Real Distress, one Mab or Mabel, a shiftless jade, calling herself Queen of the extinct kingdom of Fairyland—a kingdom recently blotted out from the map by the united efforts of the March of Intellect, Transatlantic Go-a-headism, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. You said, truly, that QUEEN MAB had not a shoe to stand upon, that she was brought very low, that she was sadly reduced. I admit all that. The nonsensical kingdom of Fairyland is deservedly dismembered, and its subjects relegated to the ballets of the London theatres, there to wave branches of red foil, and smile—while their hearts ache—for fourteen shillings a week, finding their own shoes and stockings. But, my son (the Magician became familiar), you have enormously exaggerated the power and influence of Queen Mab. You have ascribed to her territories and vassals she never possessed, and that never were, in the remotest degree, tributary to her. You gave her as lieges, demons dwarfs, dragons, dwergars, horrible spectres and creations that belong only unto me—the Magician. You have, not of malice I hope, but inadvertently, confounded the kingdom of Fairyland with the far more (once) potent, far more distressed, far more reduced kingdom of Magic. I am the case of real distress. I am the Magician without a shoe to stand on. My glory is departed—mine, Ichabod the Magician.

Before faydom existed, was Magic, awful, erect, weird, inscrutable. Magic stood in the dark cave of Endor, when the ghost of Samuel trembled in the lurid air, and seared Saul's eyeballs. When the Israelites wandered in the desert my Magicians held dark and fearsome sway in the wicked lands of Canaan. They presided over the ghastly rites of Moloch; they wrought enchantments among the Amalekites, the Amorites, the Jebusites, and the Hittites. In Judea, in Persia, in Chaldea, my Magic, my Magicians, worked signs and wonders (false but fearful) through long ages. Wise men, soothsayers, sorcerers, and astrologers, were in the trains of mighty kings, of Darius the Mede, and Nebuchadnezzar the king. Throughout the broad miles-long streets of Nineveh and Babylon; by the arched terraces; under the hanging gardens; in the courts of marble palaces; by the myriad-hued tablets on the wall of strong warriors and fair youths such as Aholibah sighed for; in the midst of the motley, bright arrayed, swarthy, strong bearded throng stalked my Magicians, and their incantations were blended with the wars of Ninus, and the orgies of Semiramis, and the conspiracies of the captains and the liturgies of the priests. When Belshazzar, the king, drunk deep with his lords, and praised the gods of gold, and brass, and iron, and wood, and when in the same hour, there came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote—over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace—words which none could understand, did the king behink himself in his need of light inconsequential fairies! No: he cried aloud for the astrologers, the Chaldeans, the soothsayers—the wise men of Babylon. And though we, the wise men, could not read the interpretation or wise that the Medes and Persians were at the gate, yet we only ceded to One, whom the king Nebuchadnezzar had made master of all the Magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers in the kingdom. Magic was vanquished, but still recognised.

You have spoken of Queen Mab's sway in Egypt, and of her myriad elves sporting upon the tails of crocodiles. Sir, you are impertinent. Let Queen Mab and her fairies disport themselves in frivolous Persia and enervated Arabia; but leave the land of Egypt—that long, narrow, dusky land of wonders—to me, the king of, magic and mysticism. Where that gigantic enigma, the Sphynx, rears its dim, battered, mysterious, time-worn, yet time-defying head, against the copper sky, and amidst the shifting sand; where the river of Nile reflects—

"the endless length
Of dark red colonnades,"

where religion was philosophy, and philosophy religion; yet where the purest doctrines of metaphysics were mingled with the grossest forms of Zoroastianism and the brutifying worship of beasts and reptiles and vegetables, and the profundest morality was grafted upon the rudest and most debasing African fetichism; where phantom hieroglyphics shadow forth the dim creed that the soul, after its three thousand years' cycle of metempsychosis or rather metensomatosis, shall return to its human envelope again; and where the spirits of kings, and princes, and priests are pourtrayed migratory through the bodies of swine, and birds that fly and reptiles that crawl—there I and Magic dwelt. Mine was Fetichism and Zoroastianism. Magic had no sympathy with the light Bacchus in his convivial, his joyous, his salfatory form. Queen Mab, or Queen Ariadne, or Queen Anybody may sport with him in Naxos, and the sunny isles of the Archipelago; may press the red grape for him, and hold the golden chalice to his eager lips. But Bacchus, as Osiris, the awful Lord of Amenti, belongs not to Fairyland, but to the realm of Magic and to me. My Magicians sat at his feet, when, as he is painted in the royal tombs of Biban el Moluk, he sits *pro tribunal*, weighing the souls that have just departed from the bodies in the fatal scales of Amenti, and judging them according to their deserts. The Magicians were at home in Egypt. When, as the legend of Manetho tells us, the great pyramid was built by King Suphis, the Magicians stood by and aided the work with their spells. When that King Pharaoh who knew not Joseph or his people was so sorely beset by the indomitable brothers of Israel, did not he call upon his Magicians for aid? Did not their Magic lore stand them in such stead that their rods all produced serpents, albeit Aaron's rod, through a power that was preter-magical, swallowed them all up eventually? As year after year and age after age rolled their sternly succeeding waves over the land of Egypt, and as the remorselessly advancing and receding tide brought from the womb of time the myriad pebbles of mortality, and carried them back into the abyss of eternity, Magic was left high and dry—a monument and a misleading Pharos, inscrutably cabalistic and existent as the pillar of Pompey, and the needle of Cleopatra, and the obelisk of Luxor.

Came the soft sons of Syria with the rich dyes of Tyre and enervating arts. Came the luxurious Greeks, and gave plasticity and symmetry to the bizarre, yet awful sculptures of the Egyptian Pantheon. The muscular fauns, the brawny Hercules, the slim Adonis, the crested Venus, the crested Diana came to teach the limners and sculptors of Egypt how to cast their deities in the mould of Zeuxis and Praxiteles. But the Sphynx looked coldly on in her unchangeable, enigmatical beauty, and the Magicians stood by, unchangeable too, their arms folded, gazing with a frown half of anger, half of contempt at the clumsy legerdemain of Paganism, at the boggling tricks of the haruspices and the transparent cheatery of the oracle. "These priests of Bacchus and Venus," they thought, "are mere buffoons and tricksters, wretched ventriloquists, miserable experts at sleight of hand and cogging of dice." Came the Romans, and with them the loud prating augurs, and the bragging soothsayers, and those that dealt in omens and prophecies. But the Magicians who had wrought magic for the Ptolemies laughed these clumsy bunglers to scorn. When Pompey, Cæsar, Antony told them of the supernatural wonders of Greece and Rome; of the ghastly priests who reigned beneath the deep shadow of Africa's trees,

"The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain;"

of the thirty chosen prophets, the wisest in the land, who evening and morning stood by Lars Porsenna of Clusium; of the strange visions of pale women with bleeding breasts that Sextus Tarquinius saw in the night season; of the Pythoness on her tripod, and the Cumæan Sybil in her cave; the Magicians of Egypt pointed to the Sphynx, the pyramids, the hieroglyphics, saying: "Construe us these, and unriddle us these. Liars, and boasters, and whisperers through chinks in the wall, and fumblers among the entrails of beasts, can ye call, as we can, serpents from the hard ground, and cause them to dance to the notes of the cithara and the timbrel? Can ye foretell life and death, and change men into beasts and reptiles, and show in a drop of water the images of men that are dead, and great battles fought long ago?"

The proud conquerors of Egypt bowed to Egypt's soothsayers. The Magician was welcome in Cleopatra's palace. He boasted that he could read in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery;" Iras, Alexas, Enobarbus, listened to him, and he foretold truly that one should outlive the lady whom she loved, and that another should be more beloving than beloved. The Magician stood in Cleopatra's galley beside the proud and stately queen—the "serpent of Old. Nile," that was "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black;" in the galley that burned in the water like burnished gold; the galley with purple sails and silver oars; with a pavilion cloth of gold of tissue; the galley whereof the gentlewomen were like the Nereides, on each side of which stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids; the galley steered by a seeming mermaid; the galley with silken tackle, and from which invisible perfume hit the sense of the adjacent wharves. And when Antony lay dead, and the proud land of Egypt lay at the feet of Octavius Cæsar, the ominous finger of the soothsayer pointed to the basket of figs and the "pretty worm of Nilus"—the deadly asp, the baby at the breast of Cleopatra that sucked the nurse asleep.

Ages of youth have not been able to efface the Magic from the Egyptian surface. Its edge has been blunted, as the characters in the hieroglyphics have been, some rounded and chipped, some choked up with sand and dust. But the ruins of Magic yet exist like the ruins of temples and statutes. The rage of the heathen Saracens, the iconoclastic theology of centuries of Mohammedan sway, have devastated the caryatides that supported the frieze of the temple of Egyptian Magic; but the temple and the caryatides are erect still. The fires that destroyed the stored-up learning of Alexandria have been impotent to quench it; the devastating hoofs of the steeds of the Mamelukes and the Beys have not trampled it under foot; the hordes of Bonaparte, fired by revolutionary and subversive frenzy, could not annihilate it; the glamour of the East vanquished the atheism of the West, and the Egyptian seer warned Kleber, though unavailingly, of the dagger that was to lay him low. Even now, in this age—in this nineteenth century—when English cadets and judges of Sudder Adawlut jolt in omnibuses across the Isthmus of Suez; when steamers have coal depots at Alexandria; when Cairo has European hotels with *table d'hotes* and extortionate waiters; when the sandy desert is strewn, not with the bones of men slain in fight, or with the ruins of bygone empires, but with the crumbs of ham sandwiches and the corks of soda-water bottles; when the "cruel lord" who reigns over Egypt drives an English curriole; when a staff of English engineers view Thebes and Memphis through theodolites, and talk of gradients and inclines, tunnels, cuttings, and embankments through the valley of the Nile, Magic and Magicians hold their own in the sunburnt land of Egypt. In some dark street of Cairo still is the traveller introduced to the seer, fallen indeed from his high estate, with diminished credit, and circumscribed empire over things magical, still versed in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery." No longer the proud confidant of princes and monarchs, the explicator of enigmas, the unraveller of mysteries, the expounder of dreams and visions of the night, he is but a meanly-clad old man with a long beard and a filthy turban swathed round his head. But still he pours into the palm of the youthful acolyte the mystic pool of ink, and traces around it the magic characters which none may read but he. And still the boy, at his command, sees in the inky mirror "the figure of one sweeping," and after him are mirrored in the pool, as the traveller summons them, the portraits of the mighty dead, or the friends or dear ones at home. And though sometimes the Magician may err, and Lord Nelson present himself with two arms, and Miss Biffin with both arms and legs, and Daniel Lambert as a thin man, and Shakspeare with a cocked hat and spectacles, you must ascribe that to its being Ramadan, or the boy not being a proper medium, or yourself not properly susceptible to magical influences.

I have said enough, I perpend, Scholar (continued this garrulous old Magician), to show you that in Egypt, at least, my empire is of a date superlatively more ancient than that of your vaunted Queen Mab. If you doubt me, go ask, go search the works of those conscientious ghoules among the graves of Egyptian antiquities—Rosellini, Grœvius, Lane, Denon, Champollion, Belzoni, Wilkinson—go to the fountain-head, the father of history—Herodotus. Go ask that famous student of the black art in your own times—Caviglia—he who, from the three corner stones of astrology, magnetism, and magic, raised a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism, on whose airy faces he could see inscribed in letters of light invisible to all but himself elucidatory texts: he who was the last recipient of that rich but awful legacy of mystical learning which has been handed down from age to age—from the Essenes to Philo the Jew, from Pythagoras to Psammadius; he who, from the constant and engrossing study of the mysteries of the pyramids, became (like those Cingalese insects that take the shape and colour of the leaf they feed on) himself, in dress, feature, manner, thought and language, absolutely pyramidal.

But I have not done with you yet, Novice, nor have I vindicated the claims of Magic sufficiently. You shall leap with me o'er centuries. I willingly resign to Queen Mab and her fairies the era of Sultan Haroun Al'Raschid, the silly, sparkling, spangled enchantments of Bagdad, and Damascus, and China, nay, even the fairy doings in my own Egypt—my own Grand Cairo—during the sway of the caliphs. I look upon her trivial pranks with calenders, and caravans, and fair Persianas; her peris, genii, and dwarfs, just as so many conjuring tricks and mountebanks at a fair. She may have the whole of the dark and middle ages (in the East) for me, and plague or reward as she list the enervated occupants of Moslemin harems or the effete princes of the Lower Empire. Europe was my field of sovereignty then; and the realm of Magic held its own against the realm of Fairyland there for ages.

I will take Puck. You have been bold enough, sir, to claim that essential vassal of the king of Magic as a fairy. You will quote, of course, the authority of William Shakspeare (a fellow so ignorant of geography that he talks about the sea-coast of Illyria), who makes Puck a sort of fairy tiger or "gyp" to Oberon, putting a girth round about the earth in forty minutes, and bragging with disgusting egotism of his flying "straight as an arrow from a Tartar's bow." You will have seen, doubtless, also, the Midsummer Night's Dream at Covent Garden Theatre under the management of Madame Vestris, and probably because you saw therein Miss Marshall as Puck looking very fairy-like in a short tunic and fleshings; or perchance saw pasted on the green-room pier-glass a prompter's "call" for "Puck and all the fairies at twelve," you jumped at the conclusion that Puck was a fairy. He is nothing at all of the sort. The fellow is a hobgoblin, and belongs to me. Let Mab rule her own roast of sylphides, coryphées, fays and sprites, and not meddle with me. I will quote chapter and verse for it.

"In John Milesius any man may read
Of divels in Sarmatia honoured,
Called *Kotri* or *Kobaldi*, such as we
Pugs and hobgoblins call——"

Thus writes old Heywood in his *Lucifugi*. Pug or Puck is a hobgoblin, a *divel*, and, as such, I do not think the sportive Queen of Elf-land will be inclined to claim him in future. Indeed, many learned theologians—both Catholic and Protestant—have gone far to prove, by texts and arguments, both from Scripture and the Fathers, that Puck is no other than Satan himself in various disguises. Such was Puck who had a domicile in the monastery of the Greyfriars at Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which he haunted in the form of a pug or monkey, and tormented the monks and lay brethren sorely. He had his fits of good humour sometimes certainly, and turned the spit, baked the bread, drew the wine, and cleaned the kitchen, while the inmates of the monastery lay a-snoring, receiving as wages two brass pots and a parti-coloured jacket to which a bell was appended; but these benevolent humours were transitory and capricious; and he is truly described, by the monk to whom we owe the *Veredica Relatio de Demonio Puck*, as an impure spirit. In fact (and you will excuse the freedom of my language, for, though I am a Magician, I am a gentleman, and would not wish to wound your ears unnecessarily) Puck was a very devil. Do not misconstrue me. I don't mean the devil who was always requiring payment, and for whom there was no pitch hot; the devil who taught Jack of Kent bridge-building, on condition that a certain *post obit* should be paid if Jack was buried on land or in water, and was cheated out of his bond by Jack causing himself to be buried in the keystone of his last bridge; the devil who patronised old Nostradamus, and was, in a somewhat similar manner to the Jack *ruse*, cheated—he having a contingent reversion in Nostradamus, which was to fall in if that worthy was buried within a church or without a church, whereupon Nostradamus left directions in his will "to be put into a hole in a wall," which was accordingly done, to the devil's discomfiture. Puck is not the devil whom Banagher beat; the devil who assisted (for a consideration) the architect of the cathedral of Cologne; the devil who raised the Lust-Berg at Aix-la-Chapelle, and had a finger in most of the castles on the banks of the Rhine; the devil of Evreux, who migrated from thence to Caen, and appeared there in eighteen hundred and eighteen clad in white armour, and attacked the commandment of the town in a *cul-de-sac*.

Puck is not the devil with a glossy black skin, saucer eyes, horns, hoofs, a tail, and a pitchfork, who was vanquished by St. Cuthbert, and many other saints, as recorded by the learned hagiologists; who was associated with Tom Walker in that peculiarly disadvantageous partnership (for Tom), recorded by Washington Irving; who carries off Don Juan in the pantomime; who is generally associated with the idea of blue flames, sulpher, brimstone and red-hot Wallsand. And, O Neophyte, Puck is not the awful fiend of Milton, stretched on a burning lake, floating "many a rood;" the arch spirit of Evil, who, amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, deliberates, resolves, and executes, whose fiendish spirt stands unbroken "against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, against the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitten misery." He is not the Ἀνθρωπος of the Greek—the demon of Æschylus, the Prometheus, half-fiend, half-redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of Heaven. He is not one of the chattering, bestial, grinning, mopping herd of devils, bloated with meat and wine, and reeling in ribald dances, who stagger and leap round the lady in the Masque of Comus; he is not one of the inexorable spirits who hover in the silence and gloom of Dante's Inferno, who point pitilessly to the hopeless inscription above the portal, who watch inflexibly the agonies of Ugoline, and the remorse of Francisca, and Facinata writhing in her burning tomb. Puck is not THE DEVIL, but a devil—a *diablotin*. He is a very monkey, a mischievous ape, having a special delight in the annoyance of saints and hermits. The writings of the Fathers are full of authentic relations of his knavish tricks. 'Twas he who tempted Saint Anthony (*pace* Thomas Ingoldsby); 'twas he who

"——sat in an earthen pot,
In a big bellied earthen pot sat he,"

and with a rabble rout of devils with tails and devils without, devils stout and meagre, devils serious and jocund, church-going devils and revel-haunting devils, endeavoured first in his own proper likeness as a hobgoblin, and afterwards as a laughing woman with two black eyes—the worst devil of all—to decoy the Saint from the perusal of the holy book. This devil it was who as Saint Benedict was saying his prayers on Monte Casino, did (according to Saint Gregory) appear to him in the likeness of a doctor riding upon a mule, avowing his intention to physic the whole convent, although, if we are to believe other accounts, it was to Saint Malanius that he appeared in this medical guise. Whichever way it was, however, Saint Benedict had the mischievous little devil on the hip on a subsequent occasion. There was a certain monk in the convent, who somewhat after the style of our old acquaintance Daddy Longlegs, couldn't or wouldn't say his prayers. After praying a little while he always rose up suddenly and vamosed out of the oratory, as though the devil was at his heels; which indeed he was, as you shall hear. The monks told the prior, and the prior told the abbot, and the abbot told Saint Benedict of the non-praying brother's irreverent conduct; and in goes the Saint to the oratory, with a big walking stick, just as the monk is coming out as usual. "See ye not who leadeth our brother?" says Saint Benedict to Father Maurus and Pompeianus the prior.

"We see nought," they answer.

"I do," says the Saint, directing a meaning and somewhat menacing look towards his subordinates, "I see plainly a little black devil lugging violently at our brother's gown, and leading him towards the door."

The obtuse Pompeianus still persisted in seeing nothing; but Father Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, and had besides an eye to the reversion of the prior's berth, immediately declared that he saw the devil, and that he was very little and very black.

"Of course," says Saint Benedict. "Perhaps, Brother Pompeianus, when you have administered to yourself the seven score stripes I now prescribe to you, and said the four Greek epistles which you will be good enough to repeat to me without book to-morrow morning, you will be able to see the devil too. In the meantime, he must be exorcised from the person of our dear brother;" whereupon whack! whack! whack! goes the big walking-stick about the legs, head back and shoulders of the dear brother, till, as Saint Benedict declares, the dear brother is covered with bruises. The legend adds that the D. B. was ever afterwards distinguished for his remarkable assiduity of attendance and attendance at matins, complins, and vespers.

This little devil of Puck's kindred, if not Puck himself, was evidently the same who lay in wait so many years in order to bring to shame the chaste and pious Saint Gudule. It was the custom of this noble maiden to rise at cockcrow every morning and walk to church with her maid before her carrying a lantern. What did the devil, but blow the candle out? What did Saint Gudule, but blow it in again by her prayers? And this is her standard miracle. Then there was a St. Brituis, who, you must know, was clerk or deacon to St. Martin. One day, while his principal was performing mass, St. Brituis saw a sly little devil behind the altar, busily employed in writing on a strip of parchment as long as an hotel bill all the sins of the congregation. There were a good many sins that day both of omission and commission, and the devil's parchment was soon full on both sides, and crossed and re-crossed into the bargain. What was the devil to do? He had no more parchment with him; he could not trust to his memory; and he was unwilling to lose count of a single sin. As a last resource, he bethought himself of stretching the parchment. Holding one end in his teeth and the other in his claws, he tugged and tugged, and strained and strained; but he forgot that the material was unelastic; and presently crack went the parchment into two pieces, and bang went the devil's head against the stone wall of the church. Saint Brituis burst out into a hearty fit of laughter at the devil's misfortune, for which he was sternly rebuked by his chief; and, indeed, narrowly escaped that exemplary chastisement which, as legends tell, befel the nursery heroine Jill

"For laughing at Jack's disaster."

When, however, St. Martin came to be informed of the real circumstances of the case, he immediately hailed it as a "first chop" miracle, of which the world was running rather short just then; and as a stock miracle, it has been retailed ever since, to the great edification of the faithful; and as a miracle you will find it in good dog Latin and in the Lives of the Saints to this day.

You will curl up your lip, I dare say, because I persist in stating Puck to be a goblin and not a fairy, and in tracing him even to a *habitat* among the mischievous demons of the Romish hagiology. You will acknowledge him a demon, however, when I tell you that Odericus Vitalis alludes to him as the devil whom St. Taurinus banished from the quondam temple of Diana at Ebros, the Norman town of Evreux; that he was known to the Normans as Gubbe, the old man, and from thence we have the word Goblin: "*Hunc vulgus Gobelinum appellat*," says Odericus. The Gubbe of the Northmen was own brother to the "Tomte-Gubbe," or "old man of the house toft" in Sweden, known in Saxony as the spiteful devil Hoodekin, Hodken or Hudken, in Norway as "Nissegodering," in Scotland as "Redcap," in England as Puck; or, on a very *non lucendo* principle (seeing that he was always playing naughty tricks), as Robin Goodfellow. He is directly charged with being a *Goblin* in your own vaunted Midsummer Night's Dream, by one of Titania's fairies. Thus she—

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow; are you not he
That fright the maids of all the villagery?
* * * * *
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm,
Those that Hobgoblin call you * * * *".

If the varlet had been a fairy, all Titania's tribe would have known his position and antecedents without questioning him. Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, with fairies if you will; so were those "minions of the moon" that came from ox-lips and nodding violets, from lush woodbine, from sweet musk-roses and wild eglantine, the fairies that warred with rice-mice for their leathern wings, and killed the cankers in the rose-buds; the sheen-grey-coated goats that were Queen Mab's wagoners, the joiner squirrels, the fairies' midwives. A figo—the fig of Spain—for them all. Puck has nought to do with them; and I demanded that his name as it stands in the *dramatis personæ* of all the editions of Shakspeare, as "Puck or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy" shall be expunged and altered to "Puck, a Goblin or malicious demon."

The subject of Puck (continued the old Magician) has detained me much longer than I anticipated; but I felt so strongly on the subject, that I was moved to adduce all the evidence I could lay my hands on. It were bootless in this stage of the argument to demonstrate that this same Puck is the Spanish "Duende," corresponding entirely to the "Tomte Gubbe," which fact is attested by Corbarubias; and that in another part of Spain, that Puck appears as a Frayle, or little friar; for which you may see Calderon's comedy of *La Dima Duende*. Nor is there time here to show how Puck in Anglo-Saxon became Pickeln and Packeln, from which Mr. Horne Tooke tells us, in the Diversions of Purley, we have Pack or Patch, the fool; likewise Pickle, a mischievous boy, and the Pickelharin, oddly enough though analogically translated as Pickle-herring, the zany or Mountebank of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and who (Pickélharin) was so called from his leafy or hairy vestment. Ben Johnson re-Angliciseed him as the shaggy little devil-Puckhairy, while the original Puck or Pug became Pog, Bog, and Boge in the north of England, Bogle in Scotland, and again returned to England as Bogey, where he dwells in the coal cellar or the nursery-cupboard to this day. There's a derivation for you, Scholar! Think of your merry, spangled-winged, sportive fairy Puck, forsooth, turning out to be synonymous with the child-quelling, naughty-boy-kidnapping Bogey. The monkey, you know, acquired the name of Pug, from his wickedness and malice; and the Pug-dog from his spitefulness and snappishness. *Bug Bog* was the angry god of the Slavi. The Anglo Saxon *Bucca* and *Buck*, a goat were both derivations of Puck and were so called from their skittish, savage natures; and a goat was, if you remember, one of the favourite incarcerations of the evil one; finally, we trace the mischievous mirth and inebriated inspiration of Puck in the Greek word Βακχιος.

Thus far the old Magician. I had listened with bated breath to the sage as he dwelt on the pedigrees of his subjects with a somewhat excusable pride, though I must confess I could not refrain from yawning a little (nor has another person been able to refrain from doing the like more recently, I dare say) at the somewhat tedious dissertations on magical etymology into which he was led. The ancient man would seem to have been imbibing deep draughts from the founts of Junius, Ménage, Casaubon, Skinner, Minshew, Lemon, and the venerable cohort of old English etymologists, to say nothing of Thomson, Whiter, Fox Talbot, and the moderns. Now the study of etymology produces nearly the very same effects that Doctor South ascribes to the study of the Apocalypse: It finds a man mad, or leaves him so;" and, moreover, as the study of Magic has led to not a few commissions *de lunatico*, it is probable that the old Magician I had been listening to had a "bee in his bonnet," or, as is more vernacularly expressed in this part of the country, that he had "a tile off," or "eleven pence half-penny out of the shilling." It may be, and is as probable, that he was sane; it may be that he never existed save in my brain; yet he may be sitting opposite to me still, graving, didacticising upon the former glories and present decay of Magic.

Yes, its day. The state of that once glorious and potent science is now far more a Case of Real Distress than that of Queen Mab and her elves. They at least can obtain engagements in the pantomimes and Easter spectacles. Docter Arne's deathless music yet summons them to dance on yellow sands and there take hands. Music-sellers yet deem them worthy as subjects of delicately tinted lithographic title-pages to polkas. There are yet to be found publishers (though few alas!) who will invest capital in the illustrations, editing, and publishing of fairy tales; and till Mr. Richard Doyle be die, and till Messrs. Leech, and Hablot Browne, and Tenniel, and especially Mr. George Cruikshank, masters of the pencil and etching point, they die, we shall not lack cunning graphers of the life, and light, and glories of Fairyland. But Magic is dead. Its professors never sought to insinuate themselves blandly into the imagination like the fairies; they brought neither honied words, nor sparkling pictures, nor duclet music. They sought but to control, to terrify, to destroy. Read the Arabian Nights through, and perhaps, with the single exception of Cassim Baba quartered in the robbers' cavern, you will not find an incident in that vast collection of fairy tales that will excite terror or disgust; but glance over the awful *Malleus Mallificarum*, as printed on the eve of Saint Catherine, Queen, Virgin, and Martyr, in the last decennary of the fifteenth century—pore over its dusky, black-lettered pages; its miniated capitals, and shudder; turn over the *Dictionnaire Infernal* of Colin de Plancy, the *Historie de la Magie* of Jules Garinot; peep fearfully into the mysterious tomes of Piccatrix, Cornelius Agrippa, of Delrio and Remigius, of Glanvill and Sinclair; think of the legendary volume of Thomas the Rhymer, that was "lost, lost, lost," and "found, found, found," in the Lay of the Last Minstrel; study these monstrous books—monstrous alike in form and contents—study them in the dead of the night (if you have nerve enough), and sleep afterwards, nightmareless, if you can.

Magic! It is associated with cruelty, ignorance, brutish stupidity, and brutal wrong through all time. It recalls the ages of darkness, persecution, havoc, and intolerance. It recalls poor maniacs, brooding over forges and alembics, cowering amid stuffed monsters and noxious elixirs, mumbling incoherent blasphemies over the entrails of dead beasts, and the skins of dried reptiles. It recalls the mummeries of the Rosicrucians, the labouriously idle speculations of Dee and Lilly, the impudent impostures of Romish priestcraft in the worst ages of Romecraft; it recalls with terror and horror the appalling, buffooneries of witchcraft, the horrible merriment of the Witches' Sabbath, and with more terrible and horrible reality it brings back, to our lasting shame and disgrace, the long long record of aged, maimed, blind, infirm old creatures, chased, scourged, imprisoned, tied hand and foot and drowned, hanged and burnt unjustly, and condemned too by learned English judges. It recalls dirty gipseys, and heartless swindlers, dwelling in back garrets with mangy cats and greasy packs of cards.

No; I am not sorry that Magic is in distress; but I grieve more than ever (if that be possible) for Queen Mab and the fairies, flouted and contemned by this sometimes and somewhat too dully practical age.—*Household Words*.

THE BLOODY ASSIZE.

THE atrocities committed by the Government which followed this Monmouth rebellion, form the blackest and most lamentable page in English history. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leaders having been taken, one would think that the implacable King might have been satisfied. But no; he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a Colonel Kirk, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers—called by the people 'Kirk's lambs,' because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity—were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say, that beside most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favourite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the king, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable king informed him, as an acknowledgment of these services, that he was 'very well satisfied with his proceedings.' But the king's great delight was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the west with four other judges, to try persons accused of having had any share in the rebellion. The king pleasantly called this 'Jeffreys' campaign.' The people down in that part of the country remember it to this hour as The Bloody Assize.

It began in Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady, Mrs. Alicia Lisle, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First (who had been murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins), was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said, 'Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty;' as I dare say he would. He sentenced her to be burnt alive that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favour, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the king made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went on to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead upon the judgment seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man, who pleaded not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; and this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly pleaded guilty at once. At Dorchester alone, in the course of a few days, Jeffreys hanged eighty people, besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed in all two hundred and fifty or three hundred.

These executions took place among the neighbours and friends of the sentenced, in thirty-six towns and villages. Their bodies were mangled, steeped in cauldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the road sides, in the streets, over the churches. The sight and smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal cauldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called Jack Ketch, because a man of that name went hanging, all day long in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the great French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, there is no doubt; but *I know of nothing worse, done by the maddened people of France in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the King of England, in the Bloody Assize.*

Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as fond of money for himself as of misery for others, and he sold pardons wholesale to fill his pockets. The king ordered at one time, a thousand prisoners to be given to certain of his favourites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. Those young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible, were bestowed upon the maids of honour at court; and those precious ladies made very bad bargains with them, indeed—employing a Quaker to drive the said bargains. When the Bloody Assize was at its most dismal height, the king was diverting himself with horse races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the *Royal Gazette*; and when the king heard that through drunkenness and raging he was very ill, his odious Majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former Sheriff of London, named Cornish, was hanged in sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having had a share in the Rye House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directly opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell. And on the very same day, a worthy widow named Elizabeth Gaunt, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about her with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly; and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God, to give refuge to the outcast, and not to betray the wanderer.

After all this hanging, beheading, burning, boiling, mutilating, exposing, robbing, transporting, and selling into Slavery, of his unhappy subjects, the king not unnaturally thought that he could do whatever he would. So he went to change the religion of the country with all possible speed.—*Dickens's Child's History of England.*

THE MERCHANT OF BAGDAD.

AN APOLOGUE.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdad, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and wealth.